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1989
NO. 4

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100+ Tape Reviews

Letters

Dino DiMuro

Nihilistic Order

Mike Carlson

Reader's Poll

Chain Letters

Stoopid World News

and more!

\$2.00



"Crazy" - Thurston Moore

"It conjures up visions" - Brian Aldiss

"When the last song was finished, all the
birds fell dead from the sky"
- Richard Schindler

"A Salvador Dali of music" - GYPSY

MICHAEL CHOCHOLAK

M & M MUSIC

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Editorial

Cassette Culture is many things to all the many
different people who are involved in it.

To some it's an escape into a world of their own
making. Bombarded with the images of reality,
they shape these images into structures of
cretinism, pettiness, hopelessness, fear, blind rage,
disillusionment; shedding light on the all too
apparent fact that things are never what they
appear to be— and yet, at the same time, they
always are.

To some it's simply the freedom to explore, and
having no limits or guidelines imposed upon that
freedom. Some people explore the sounds a
particular instrument can make, while others
explore the possibilities of sound itself.

To some it's a chance for their songs to find a
true audience, beyond the terribly myopic local
club scene. These bands are Industrial, Punk,
Post-Punk, Hardcore, Thrash, New Wave,
Post-Wave, Heavy Metal, Punk Metal, Noise,
Electronic, Hard Rock, Rock n Roll, Country and
yes, even Pop. Some of these are motivated by the
promise of success in the music business. Some
are unsure about what they really want. But all of
these people share a strong conviction in the
value of their work and that it deserves to be
heard— no, that it must be heard.

Some are enthralled by voice— the spoken word,
radio, text, poetry, religion, politics or simple
conversation—and find a new kind of music in its
manipulation.

Some are makers of documentaries. Live
shows, theatre, poetry readings, dramatizations,
field recordings. They find a joy in sharing the
experience of the event with others.

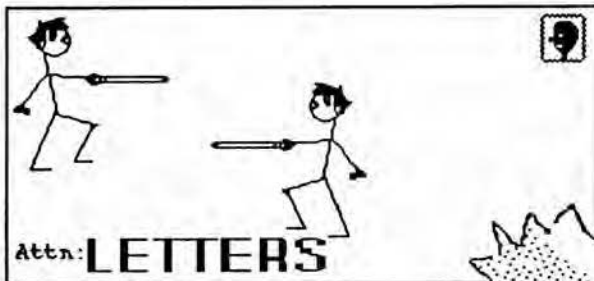
Cassette Culture is the the name for this
growing community that encompasses all these
people in all their endlessly diverse occupations,
with its own Statue of Liberty, proclaiming to the
huddled masses its own standard of freedom.
There is a currency in this community and its
form of exchange is ideas and discussion. The
discussion takes place by buying and trading tapes,
writing letters and getting involved in magazines
like GAJOOB.

I think GAJOOB is like a candle burning at night
in a window, saying, "Come in, take off your coat,
put your feet up and stay a while," and asking,
"Where are you from? Where have you been?
Where are you going?"

I may wax maudlin at times— but so, what?

The future of recording is bright. The future of
recording is independent. The future of recording
is free. And the future of recording is yours to
make of it what you will.

Welcome to the future.....



GAJOOB
PO Box 3201
Salt Lake City, UT 84110
(801) 363-5607

Bryan--

Tom Furgas just read me your article about our "run-in" over the phone.

I can't believe it-- I had sent you the wrong tape!!! You see, aside from my music, I put out a vacation-documentary series called "Wave at the Train". At the time I wrote you I was probably dubbing copies of both and inadvertently mixed them up... sounds like you got volume 2, or possibly 3, with Don Campau and Jim Hill. Needless to say, those tapes have very limited distribution-- like mostly to people I vacation with.

Seen in this light, your missive now makes sense... but imagine how I felt thinking you were actually talking about wall-to-wall music: "What the fuck are you trying to do?... What was the point?... Where's the featured drummer, Greg Gray?... Speaking of music, where is it?... I didn't even think it was worth listening to... I guess I just don't like documentaries...."

For all I know you probably still hate me, and I wouldn't blame you-- but I hope you can see this whole incident in a different light. With much trepidation I'm enclosing the real "pretty rose". You may still think it's not worth listening to, but at least you'll know there's music on it. And now, more than ever, I'd really like to hear your stuff.

At the very least please mention this post-script in your mag.

Dino DiMuro
Los Angeles, CA

P.S. When you said "apology accepted" I hope you were sincere.

P.P.S. By the way-- it was a great column-- really well written-- seriously.

Let me first state that the real "pretty rose" is a great tape. I am simply in awe over it!

Two years ago, when the aforementioned "run-in" occurred, I was new to cassette culture. I looked on it as a Savior of sorts, really. I saw cassette culture as a way to get involved in creative music, exchanging ideas, etc.

But I began to get discouraged because I started to feel that reviewers were stamping approval for certain musical styles or anything that was devoid of style (which is only anti-style). I saw that in much of cassette culture, the alternative to

mainstream music was simply to react against it. It seems to me that those who do this are just as chained to the mainstream as any band that blindly jumps into it. The reason I reject most of mainstream music is that I think it's devoid of any content and therefore just doesn't hold my interest. So when I turned to alternative music, I turned to hear content, and to possibly be challenged by it.

When I ordered "....Rose" I expected (judging from its review) to get a tape of music by someone who was well-respected in the field. At this time, a lot of the tapes I had ordered just seemed to me to be self-conscious stabs at eclecticism. Either people weren't able to offer content, or they were afraid to offer it and have it rejected by the cynical alternative audience; or their cynicism had gotten the best of them so they were reacting against content as well as the sheepishness of the mainstream.

When I received "....Rose" I became quite disillusioned because it wasn't anything like its review said it would be. I came to the sad conclusion that maybe cassette culture was just another sort of clique, fawning praise upon its "in" people, concerned only with the upheaval of the mainstream and in total disregard of any truth.

It's sort of ironic that the real "....Real Pretty Rose" is exactly the kind of thing I was and still am looking for in independent music. The product of an independent mind using independent means to achieve an independent end.

So you readers may disregard the article in the last issue as simply an unfortunate misunderstanding. I know I have.

Dear Bryan,

Thanks for the 'zine. I'm Greg, by the way, of Gregorian George and VGO Tapes. I guess you got the address via Clocks (local Salt Lake band--b) or C. Howard (a good guy if you just remember to tell him he's full of shit every once in a while) of aT-- a fine tape label.

As for this 4-track revolution business, I'm sitting on a fence. I feel the availability of cheap recording devices can open new worlds of creativity for people who wouldn't otherwise think of recording anything in a professional studio set-up. This is great because in my mind some of the most sensitive, visionary, potential artists suffer from lack of self-belief in their creativity as well as lack of cash.

4-tracks are not the end-all though, and for people who want to transcend this medium and

haven't got the cash, this can be frustrating. Especially when you see a lot of visionless morons who kick out some Pop or Disco for the sleeping masses, with little effort only to receive lots of cash.

In my mind there are basically two kinds of tapers-- the tape hobbist (for which the 4-track is just fine in most all cases) and the would be full-time tape artist who feels that nothing else in his/her life should take priority over his/her sound work, and often because of the lack of support, be it monetary or moral, have to do other things that pay the bills. In general, the Muzak Biz Machine sucks, and for people who want to make money to live on (in a normal sort of sense), and give all their time to their art, find that it's hard work (with a capital K for Carl).

So, in conclusion, 4-tracks can be really revolutionary for some people (heaven) and really limiting for those who want to transcend them and think they can't (Hell). For these people, hard work and persistence will overcome. Of course, some old-timers are going to mistake my attitude as new comer naive! (I've only been at it for 1-1/2 years) but they can roll over and die, because I don't plan on succumbing to the tide of the mainstream pap and/or give up on the power of my personal creativity.

One more thing before I stop mouthing off. VGO Tapes is looking for well-crafted experimental/industrial/avant rock/progressive rock for release on our label. So anyone out there reading this who creates such stuff and would contribute-- please write or send your work.

So take care,
Greg
Violet Glass Oracle Tapes
6230 Lewis Ave.
Lot 105
Temperance, MI 48182

Greg,

4-tracks certainly do open new worlds of creativity, and I'm not talking exclusively 4-tracks-- really I'm speaking of independent/home taping in general --when I say that there's a budding revolution going on here in Cassette Culture.

It's interesting to ponder upon the fact that while a home recording studio is often (if not always) tailored to fit the needs of its particular recording artist, a professional studio often (if not also always) forces the same recording artist to tailor his/her needs to fit it. So it's not simply a lack of cash or a lack of self-belief, but a basic need to preserve creative freedom, that makes independent recording so appealing to so many people.

Dear Bryan,

Thanks for the copy of GAJOOB 'zine. I enjoyed reading it. I've been recording my own music for about three years now. I currently have 27 cassette-only releases available.

I hope that you can review these tapes in your 'zine. I haven't had too much luck dealing with 'zines and record labels. I've sent tapes to be reviewed in MRR, Flipside and other bullshit rags and they have failed to review even one of them. So far, Factsheet Five is the only big 'zine that has reviewed my tapes. They hated both of my cassettes. I've come to expect negative reviews, so anything that you happen to say about my music will probably induce laughter. Feel free to use my songs for your compilation tapes. But I would like to be informed which songs you are going to use (so I can say something like, "I can't believe that they're going to put that shitty song on a compilation").

Even if you hate my music, I hope that you

will write back (Factsheet Five hates my stuff-- but that does not stop me from sending them more tapes). Just remember, if these three tapes are of any use to you, I can send you up to 24 more (would you be overwhelmed by getting all 24 at once? I know that I would).

I hope to hear from you soon.

Thought for the day: how come Godzilla didn't just walk around the buildings instead of risking possible injury by smashing them?

Jeff Jarvie
Indiana, PA

Jeff,

27 tapes in three years?? How do you record so much and still find time to watch TV?

I listen to, and review every tape that is sent to me. Period. I attempt to write honest and, more or less, objective (naturally, with more or less of a subjective viewpoint) reviews in return for these tapes. That's the trade. I don't trade advertising for tapes, which, judging from the number of requests I get, seems to be quite a thriving business in Zineland. (Jeff didn't ask for this, by the way). Don't bother asking-- I won't do it.

Some people have wondered whether their particular release relates to GAJOOB's stance. I don't deal with styles-- I deal with independent cassettes.

Incidentally, I believe people generally take much too much stock in reviews. A review can never adequately describe the listening experience-- because it's simply not universal (it's in the ear of the beholder, to twist a phrase). And a review can't even begin to describe the creative experience.

So why bother? Well, by reading a review in a magazine like GAJOOB, someone might take an interest in a recording enough to contact the artist and experience it for himself. Then correspond and trade ideas. Let's open up the recording experience. Let's tear down the walls that have been erected between the artist and the patron. Let's bond them together with ideas. Ideas are what it's all about. There's nothing without them.

Incidentally, it's always been my policy to send the issue in which your review is contained. I intend to continue this practice. I would also like to receive feedback on my feedback. I don't think my reviews are sacred. If you artist-types have something to add, or disagree with anything I've written, I'd like to hear it. Like I said, it's the exchange of ideas that's important here. Get involved. We've all got an equal say (and an equal stake) in building this indie taping thing.

Dear Bryan,

Thanks for sending GAJOOB #3, it was an unexpected treat. It was a fine issue and I respect you for trying to deal primarily with cassette artists. I used to do a column called "Tape Tips" and "Cassette America" which no doubt changed the face of music (said very sarcastically).

It was nice to see Shawn Swagerty mention my tape label. He said one of my tapes was "a mite heavy on the unevolved hardcore". Personally, I love young bands who, while not polished, put a lot of effort and themselves into their music. I must admit to being very partial to punk music, but my tapes show the kinds of music I like-- punk, hardcore, gothic, electronic, experimental, raw rock, and things generally not well known-liked.

Oh, if Shawn is reading this, please do not take my lack of quickness in making new tapes as an insult to his music. I've been involved in many things lately and am starting my 2nd label. So just wait a bit and you'll be on my next tape and the world will be a better place.

Can't wait to see what you think of the enclosed music.

Craig Blomquist

P.S. Is punk music considered part of the "cassette counter-culture"? When people talk about C-Culture music it is always synth or electronic or experimental music. In your review of my tapes PLEASE mention that unlike most comps, I include band addresses/info-- thanks!

Craig,

Punk is considered part of Cassette Culture when it's part of Cassette Culture, i.e., when it's released on tape.

When I talk about C-Culture music it's the means that concern me, not the style. Take a look at the reviews in this issue and you'll see that there's all kinds of music and non-music in Cassette culture. All styles assume equal footing with any other style. Style is just the means of expressing. Nothing more. Many times people mistakenly put style ahead of substance (sometimes even to the exclusion of substance); but that's another thing altogether.

Dear Bryan,

Here's the directory. I realize that \$25 seems like a big chunk of money, but I also believe that the information is well worth it (and if I could have bought it for that much, I would have done so and saved myself a lot of time, trouble, and money). But I guess I should stop blowing my own horn and let you decide for yourself. I welcome any comments you might have to offer. And as I mentioned on the phone, GAJOOB readers are welcome to the discount (as mentioned on the post card).

Thanks, and I'll be looking forward to hearing from you.

Yours,

Mark Kinsinger

Check the Radio section for further information on Mark's radio directory.

\$25 is a lot of money-- no doubt about it. But if you're interested in getting heard on radio, this directory is indispensable.

Since I started the Radio section last issue, I've been advised by several people who know that it's very important that when submitting something to the consideration of a radio station you must know whom to contact; otherwise, because tapes are extremely difficult on Jockeys, they won't receive the attention that is necessary.

Mark's directory gives you this information. It's complete. I highly recommend it if you're at all interested in getting on radio.

Yo Bryan:

Please encourage all these cassette-types 2 consider trades-- we all have 20 to 50 copies of our cassettes in our closets, and I would rather trade and have 20 different tapes than wonder why I made 50 tapes only sell 10 over like a year and a half.

The down side of the "cassette revolution"-- no distribution, no interest, mediocre-to-crummy music. However, I do have a number of really favorite cassette-only releases: Maybemental, Raininghouse, the Dave, X-Tal, Cancer Garden.... Can anyone get me Toiling Midgets' 4-Track Mind cassette?

Rock the clock and fall thru the dock without yr socks like a city block,

Phillip Lollar

Actually, I, for one, don't like to trade tapes, per se. Or, at least offer to trade to anyone and everyone via a review. What I would rather do is just send my tapes to people in cassette culture who I think might be interested in what I do, or whom I admire and want to hear my stuff. Write a letter

and ask them if they would consider sending a tape of theirs in return. If not, at least ask them what they think of your tape. It doesn't always pan out. Some people don't respond-- hint, hint B&P. That way, you're the instigator and can kind of control your choices.

Bryan--

Hello. Thanks for writing and sending your magazine. Looks pretty good, though I haven't had a chance to read it cover to cover. I've enclosed a couple of tapes and my catalog. I'm working on a new one at the moment. Hope you enjoy the tapes. What kind of regular monthly column are you looking for? I might be able to handle it, or I can pass it along to a couple of people. I will probably try an ad sometime soon-- once I clear away a bit of my mess. Anything you'd care to do on SOP (or any SOP artists) would be greatly appreciated. I will send more tapes soon too. Take care and keep on doing it.

Yours

Al Margolis

You wouldn't believe how many people complain about all the mail they have to get too. Or having no time to do anything. I guess I should publish an article on time management. I'd have to get somebody else to write it though. I just don't have the time.

Dear Mister Bryan,

Thank for the card... The post forgot to cancel the stamp, and that's always a good sign. Also (thank for reviewing or going-to-review the tapes and the comix).

Why I do comix and tapes? That's a good question. Well I got a degree in Fine Art and do lotsa sculptures and painting. But I have a problem with the "visibily lee" of my work to the public. I hate the whole system of galleries and critics and that shit. Not to mention the cash involved. I'm a poor man. So I decided about 4 years ago to do some self publishing of my comix and Dinky Stories #1 was my first endeavor. I find the whole process much cheaper, much more fun and you can get direct reactions from people who wanted the thing to begin with. Also the multiplicity of the media is very good, because more than one or a few people can view it at a time. And in many places at once too.

It took about 4 tapes of my musick/noise until I realized that it really wasn't very good. I came up with the name "Mr. Suburbia", because my good friend always sent me these weird tapes fulla his stories, which really made me laugh. So I decided to market [sic] the compilation of his stories I put together. And of course sent copies to friends. It was played on the radio a couple times in New Jersey, and Oregon, which I thought was real neat. My friend who tells the stories was quite hesitant about the whole idea of it, but now he's turned around, and is sending me more stuff and including song-like stuff too. He's even thinking out what he wants to say/sing now, as opposed to his old "off the top of his head"....

What I like about the whole tape culture is that it's sounds I never would have heard otherwise. And I can actually have a personal correspondence with the artist making the sounds. No impersonal stuff here.... Some of my favorite musick is only released on tapes. Like Eugene Chadbourne, The Wallmen, Mechanical Sterility, Icecream Blisters, Ustad (from J.S. Laboratories).

But what initially started me on taping is that I got a small boom box with dual cassette. Not too good knowing that but I discovered that

both tape players could play at the same time. And I realized that this was like a mixer if I plugged it into my home stereo. And I could also voice over the microphone. I was inspired. If U wana publ. this letter, in whole or part, feel free to edit it as U wish.

more later,
Ralf Schulze

This is the kind of letter I have getting. Personal: And it explains the kinds of motivations and experiences I happen to find very interesting.

This letter also raises another interesting question I'd like to include in future issues. Namely, why don't a bunch of you people send in a list of your favorite artists and tapes and whatnot? This is above and beyond the reader's poll I'm conducting for this issue. Incidentally, it might just make an interesting little section.

Howooooo's Carl!!!!!!
Bryan babe....

When I was running ARTITUDE magazine several years ago (yes it has been several years--last issue I published appeared in fall 1986), I used to bitch and pee because no matter how much of myself I put into the writing and the publication of it, physically as well as emotionally, I almost never got the kind of feedback that I was looking for; the intense opening of the spirit and the looking inside that I felt was the center of the creative process, and the evolution of artistic endeavor so necessary to getting beyond the present mundane situation. Apparently my emotional commitment to the project--and particularly to the inherent ideas and possibilities--was greater than I ever gave credit for, because I have never been able to approach anything with that degree of involvement again. And I used to curse the people in the network for not giving me the kind of personal opening-up that you did in the last letter. I believed that endemic to the artistic spirit was locating the brutal truth within yourself, and strengthening the force of your art through this contact with the True You.

I found out that AmeriKKKa's hatch job on the True You was complete and total; that the shallowness of the culture and the inability of even the most supposedly learned to communicate to and from themselves clearly had permeated the AmeriKKKa psyche not simply to the surface layer, but to the root as well. And the nagging doubts that they might feel about their own sense of dogmatic security manifest as violence against all who harbor a value system which departs in any way from their norm. This made me bitter as shit, and so much so that my attention as a journalist was diverted from the pursuit of the Artistic Ideal, and now I have hardly any use for journalism at all as a method of communication.

Basically what I was diverted from was the act of communicating, in the sense that instead of pursuing the new ideas within art and music and instead of examining myself, I could bitch and pee about exclusively external situations; to basically become reactionary in the sense that I was reacting-against the inadequacies I perceived within the culture, and even within the all-too-insulated word of supposedly indie-culture. One question I always used to ask, rhetorically I suppose, in ARTITUDE was "Independent of WHAT?" meaning, of what beliefs, what attitudes, what dehumanizing processes which the society at large had foisted upon us. I saw that too many home-tapers (for example) were just looking for ego massage; a quick fix for a sagging ego. I found out that even people whom I thought I knew could only accept a challenge to their art if it was accepted

that certain beliefs would not be questioned, such as the destructive impact of excessive violent imagery, particularly against women; such as the point of rehabbing certain notions pinched from Burroughs, Nietzsche, and de Sade to the extent that musical technique and judgement suffered. When these fundamentals were questioned, friends turned into rivals and all communication stopped altogether. No more networking; no more looking within yourself either (because hating someone is the best excuse not to deal with your own bullshit). I found out that most of these so-called independents were independent of nothing, above nothing, removed not a whit from the obsessions of the deluded, destructive culture they came from. My only mistake was not to have accepted this from the outset: the one thing people hate to do most is grow.

When I talk about the importance of acceptance of the art product, the commercial artifact, basically it is accepting the fact that the socio-economic reality has changed the nature of communication (which is all we can do as living beings... interaction/sex/linguistic and biologic reproduction are the same really); it has cheapened it, made it trivial, reduced the vibrant element to an equation in a machine. So an artist has to accept that stewing in hatred over this is both a physical and a linguistic form of suicide, because it just burns you out and removes your voice from the lines of resistance. Today a large part of human interaction entails the gaining of respect; a human has to work three times as hard just to be considered a human (and most of the time you're still not considered a human unless your skin color is right). An artist doesn't have to "sell out," but he can reach out and demand enough of his work and himself so that, within the context of the consumer environment, he can gain the "respect" of his peers and his/her/its audience, and perhaps even "support himself" solely on the strength of his/her/its art, without having to compromise strength for readability. This is simply the socio-economic necessity that makes a lot of the so-called indie people cringe, because they have established a shell of purity around themselves within which both they and their work can remain comfortable, insulated, unchallenged, and continue to rant about the evil industry. In fact, the industry is so removed from the grass root of creative endeavor, that they can afford to spread around technological hand-me-downs like cheap tape recorders and low-quality video rigs without worrying about any serious threat to their economic superiority. But, for example, when digital tape recorders threaten to seriously undercut their monopoly, then we see the true face, the legalistic doublespeak about how home taping is killing music and how copycoding is needed and bandwidth scrambling and the lot.

The problem is that it is simply unrealistic to assume that within one culture bonded together only by its universal self-destructiveness, certain communities will spring up which are free of these characteristics, which communicate both inwardly and outwardly, unfettered by colloquial barriers and economic barriers and intellectual barriers. It is far more realistic to assume that within this society, far too large and diverse to ever be considered to have anything in common, certain people will begin to communicate with each other who share a limited spectrum of interests, and who share a working lingo and commonality of direction. These people then can begin, through physical and economic communication, to support each

other, still working within the constraints of the society at large but not hindered by it emotionally. If this does not occur, however, chalk it up to experience and don't worry about it. Just keep at what you're doing, like GAJOOB, and those who want to fall in with you will fall in with you; and if you budget yourself responsibly (including your level of emotional commitment), then in strictly socioeconomic terms you will have "succeeded." This is the kind of thing I'm talking about; obviously I'm not going to sit here and talk about how a musician has to sell himself to the blackball of ASCAP and BMI and the racist, sexist control media. However, the very least that a hardworking artist should be able to demand is the support and reciprocity of his/her/its peers.

I'm pleased that you think you see some kind of consistency with AUDIOFILE Tapes, or as you say it, that I can back up what I'm saying with the tapes. That's way cool, because it means that the music is doing exactly what I always said it should do--speak for the artist without anyone having to get up on a soapbox and preach it. When you're preaching, you can't be playing (unless you're James Cleveland). I appreciate the compliment and hope that as time goes by the label can continue to live up to your and its own best expectations. The two best things about having the label are that it is far less emotionally taxing than ARTITUDE and far more financially rewarding. The number of inquiries and orders grows every year. Sound of Pig it ain't--I don't have 250 tapes out and contact everybody in the world--but you know, we try.

Devastatingly sincere,
(Da Sherriff) Carl Howard
Bayside, NY

I agree that destruction seems to hold a revered place in the underground. So much so that the only time any sort of positive message can be accepted is when it is coupled with destruction, whether it be a destructive musical style such as Punk (which, when coupled with the "positive" message of living a clean lifestyle, becomes Straightedge). It's actually that way even in mainstream music. It seems that destructiveness is truth and that positiveness is somehow hiding something somewhere.

Why is this the case? Why must Art focus on darkness before we feel that it has opened itself up inside of us? Why can't we feel the same sense of profound truth when confronted with light? Admittedly, sometimes we are--but those times are very rare in comparison with the acceptance of destruction and darkness as truthful Artistic themes or modes.

And Carl, I think you place too much of a stake in how people perceive your work in terms of the validity of your art. You think that since the Machine exists, that we all must necessarily be a part of it. Therefore, you must place your Art within the context of the Machine.

Art is Art. It exists in and of itself. The Machine takes Art and uses it for its own purposes. Many times, the creators of Art will place it in the bowels of the Machine themselves. Either way, Art exists apart from it by its very nature.

I believe we CAN choose to ignore the Machine, and therefore, to live without it. You don't. No one can convince another if they don't have a common principle from which to go. It's a pantomime for the blind.

I think you are also mistaken in assuming that your public owes you any sort of response: be it respect, monetary or what have you. If you choose to be an Artist, you must simply remain true to your expression, your view; and let it end at that. Those other things will come to you only if your public chooses to do so. Otherwise, where's



the freedom? Freedom of expression is a two-way street, I think.

HEY!

I also received one of those radio guides for twenty bucks, and I have to tell you that for a band that can't put out vinyl due to financial limitations, this guide is worth its weight in Skor-bars; and it's really pretty complete. It's good to provide this information to the readers of a cassette 'zine. I can vouch for the completeness of their publication and thought it might be good of you to print a bunch of 'em, whatever you have room for, and then also let your readers know about the guide— it's totally kosher.

Chris Duens
The Bud Collins Trio

Dear Bryan,

Thanks for sending the May issue of GAJOOB. You really have an excellent 'zine there.

I was especially impressed with the letters sections. The letters you received and the responses you gave were clear evidence that there are still thinking people in the world. So often underground publications, cassettes and artworks tend to give the impression that there is nothing more to underground culture than fools in drug-crazed frenzies. GAJOOB is a

diamond in the rough! Keep up the good work!

I sent along a cassette that I'd like you to review. It's basically a jam session in a local bar, recorded on one of those "dink-shit" four track cassette machines. Technically the music is jazz, but that label really keeps the average listener from giving the music a chance. I hate labels! This music is not about politics, it's not about sex and drugs, it's not about being a star, and it's not about pyro-tech guitar playing. It is about a few musicians getting together in a smoky bar and playing their asses off the new-fashioned way... with glorious feeling and total emotional abandonment!

So, for those reasons it doesn't sell, probably never will, and maybe never should. It's too subversive... but then "jazz" always was.

Duane Isaacson
Heartland Music Marketing
Coralville, IA

I know I have an unfair advantage in being able to listen to a very broad range of the available independent tape releases floating around out there. But let me tell you that quite a large amount of the what I've heard seems to be done by people who are generally concerned about what they are doing. I feel it's safe to say that a vast majority of cassette artists probably feel as strongly about their chosen styles as you do about yours.

So I don't wish to think of GAJOOB as any sort of diamond. I'd rather it be the ruff itself that contains the diamonds.
Mr. Maudlin strikes again.

Dear Bryan,

Jerry Adams AKA A. Allen of Peppermint Subway here. I really like your magazine and hope to get a subscription. Enc. is \$5.00 for 1 year.

Anyway, I'd like to see more how to's, i.e. take a poll and ask different people how they do stuff.

I like to see tapes rated. I used to do that— by that I mean like grade them esp. generic ones like "Quality" (one of my faves) and "Tonemaster", "K-Mart" etc. Rate them for response, sound quality, etc.

Also, I'd like to see addresses of the distribution network compiled. I'd be willing to tell mine if you'd be able to get others to tell theirs. I know a lot of people I know here are always wanting addresses and they won't give theirs up so...

Other than that, I'm hoping to get the "Porkopolis" cassette label off of the ground. I have some stuff for eventual distribution as well as some new comers. Porkopolis started as a way for Subway to distribute and then since the local scene here is so trendily biased, I decided to help other bands. I've helped Neil Smith and (?) w/their cassettes and I plan to use them on Porkopolis (slowly but surely). I plan to get a copyset and set up the proverbial small mail order label. I hope to come up w/a deal where for X amt of \$ I can help struggling bands put out X amt of cassettes for whatever purpose and still keep the price down and make a small amt of profit to pay for my time and equipment I'm planning on buying.

Also in your 'zine I'd like to see criticism of cassette sources. The best source I've found is ATT 1-800 directory under Taper. I call up and say send me a sample/a catalog blah, blah.

Lastly, Porkopolis would put out a Subway record— if we were made enough \$... I've more stuff coming out soon too. So I'll send them to you as they're ready. I project it will be late August— good Lord willing —so let me know what you think, and remember Poverty (by govt. standards) does not mean that music can't be put out. I know I can't afford vinyl. So, what are your ad rates— make me a good deal and WRITE— I'm a mail junky and I'm honest and good as long as I'm treated fairly.

AA (JA)
Peppermint Subway/Porkopolis
Cincinnati, OH

I've used a lot of Ashley's ideas in this issue. Lots of people include snippets of paper with addresses on them— so I've decided to stick them in a column for any of you who may be interested. I've also incorporated a star-rating system into the reviews, which is more of personal bias than any sort of a guide about the recordings on their own merits— although it's that also. I welcome more suggestions from you people out there. Criticize and analyze and rave about what you like and don't like about cassette culture and the people within it.

Hey you Gajoobing fool,

Yes indeed I done dug dat dose you sent. It is my firmly fixed flexible feeling that the key to the universe is, as you say; "As long as people are doing what they want when they want to do it, for purposes totally of their own choosing..." You, my friend, have got it. I have found that it is possible to become completely successful on any level and still hold true to this stance. As a member of this big ole money machine 'America' I was a typical brainwashee, sucked

into the Monster Rock escape and swept along like a leaf on the water. Then sometime mid '84 I shook loose of Prince's exquisite Purple manacles and saw something in *Thrasher* called Husker Du and it intrigued. Then a few months later lo and behold the Husker dudes arrived in Miami for an all ages show (I was 23, so it didn't matter). We ran out and got "New Day Rising" and I think there was a serious information virus in there because my life was changed. Next came REM's fables and reconstruction continued. We went to a local alternative record store to see Henry Rollins and walked out on him, but got hooked on the flood of integrity on the shelves. On my next trip (did someone say trip?) to Open Records I got hold of the strongest life changing device that I ever ingested with my eyes, *Sound Choice* #2. Inside I found a rant that went something like: "We will not tolerate any bitching, if you don't like something, CREATE AN ALTERNATIVE." We did. By November 24, 1985 AFM had been brain-born and was ready for public insertion. We passed out the first one at the REM/Minutemen show that night. From there we started branching. With the first review in *Factsheet Five* we got an invitation to submit something to *Whole Earth Review*, from the review in *Whole Earth* we got an invitation to submit something to *Harper's*. All this without ever taking any money in exchange, without ever straying from our core value. The mainstream attention is not even our biggest success. The grassroots connections are. Not only do I now have at least a dozen permanently bonded friendships from this, but I am incessantly receiving new boosts such as you. What I count as my biggest success is the direction that we have taken in regards to the above mentioned Warner ponies. Didn't Peter Buck say that he would never play another arena, then embark on an ARENA TOUR? If he is still doing things for purposes of his own choosing, fine. It smells a little different to me.

The reason I am spilling all this on the pages of your GAJOOB is this: not since those glorious early *Sound Choice* fireparties have I encountered the same arrogance/integrity in regards to artistic motive. It is what fueled AFM and I see the spark in your eyes.

Burn on,
Rian Fike/AFM
Miami, FL

Personally, I will tolerate any amount of bitching. If someone sees something wrong in the culture, then they're going to bitch about it-- and they may as well bitch in the pages of this zine so we all can address the gripes, and hopefully turn them into something constructive. And even if some bitching is just simple pettiness, I figure most people are intelligent enough to see it for what it is, and write it off, or whatever.

I'm glad you saw arrogance/integrity with regards to artistic motive within these pages. I would hope that GAJOOB reflects the culture of independent recording. Judging from all the tapes I've received, there's plenty of that arrogance and integrity going around, and I'd like to bring it to light.

Applegoons,

Thanks for GAJOOB #3. I like the slick layout and subject matter but the sex jokes just come across as anti-women or, at least, boring. I'm enclosing a booklet I made, hope you like it.

Trevor
Knoxville, TN

Actually Dr. Elwood's sex tips in the last issue contained questions that were all written by the same woman. Having a sex-related question written from a woman

doesn't help matters much. My intent publishing that was strictly entertainment value. I didn't mean for it come across as anti-women. If anything, I think it came across as anti-men, which suppose is just as bad.

Hi Bryan--

Thanks for your fine publication. I really enjoyed it and will pass your address on to my radio listeners (or at least tell 'em about it).

My gosh, thanks for the review too!

I noticed in your letters section, Lord Litters address is incorrect-- it is: LL, Parisierstr. 63A, 1000 Berlin 15, WEST GERMANY..... I know, sometimes Claus' handwriting is hard to read (like mine ain't).

Best for now,
Don Campau
San Jose, CA

Dear Bryan,

I got a copy of GAJOOB #3 in the mail a few days ago. I really liked it, with all the mail replies you had, it sounds like GAJOOB's getting big-- and rightfully so!

It was the GAJOOB I got in the mail that reminded me of your last letter, and how I never wrote back. I have to be the most unorganized person around. Anyway, you asked me if I distribute "Growing" out of state, and how I do it? Well, it's really simple, and you probably already do this, but since Growing is pretty much a free 'zine I just send 30 to 50 copies to friends in various states here and there. I usually do about 3 shipments of 50 per 'zine, and as for the rest of the distribution, I rely on people finding my address in other publications, all over the place. The people I send bulks of 50 to, stick them in their local alternative outlets, and they take 'em to shows, handing them out to people they think might be interested. It's a pretty clumsy way to do the business, but as of yet it's worked really well. I've gotten a lot of response and stuff, and I get letters from strange places..... so it has to get around!

Keep in touch & stay happy.
Your friend,
Duncan/GROWING
4946 West Point Way
West Valley City, UT 84120

Write to Duncan. You'll be glad you did.

Hello Bryan,

My name is Marlon Michaels and I produce weird radio. We've been at it for a while. Enclosed is a copy of *BONFIRE IN THE BONEYARD* parts 1-6. I also have tossed in this t-shirt.

I'm not the best at promotion, but I hope that you can tell the world that I'm still at it. Most important is letting others know that I am now producing two "pilot" shows. We need artists from around the world.

I enjoyed your publication and I hope that you will accept these gifts as a bribe. Please keep GAJOOB coming.

Peace,
Marlon Michaels
PO Box 6904
E. Grand Rapids, MI 49516

P.S. t-shirts are \$10 and the *BONFIRE* series is \$16.50.

The t-shirts Marlon is talking about are *Bonfire in the Boneyard* t-shirts. The one he sent me is black art on a grey shirt. I happen to be wearing it as I type this. I've also received several comments concerning it. I review the radio series in the review section-- allow me to stress the fact that it

is very top-notch, covering independent tape acts in a very professional fashion.

to Bryan,

Thanks for sending a copy #3 of your 'zine. I think it's really GREAT. Here's our latest tape. I hope you like it. We should have a new tape out this Summer.

Thanks again,
Jethro Deluxe/WALLMEN
North Syracuse, NY

Dear Bryan--

Hey! I've gotten an order for *Life Comics* #2 based on a review you wrote, but I haven't seen the issue of GAJOOB (#2?) it was in. Thanks for the plug! Enclosed find my latest minis plus a stamp to send me the GAJOOB with the review.

Thanks,
Victor Gates
Life Stories & Comics
North Salt Lake, UT

I'm actually quite certain I sent Victor issue #3 with the review of his comics. He's on my mailing printout. But I sent him another one just for fun.

By the way, does anyone know of a good bankruptcy lawyer?

Bryan--

I just finished reading GAJOOB #3. Well, finished with the first pass. I enjoyed the debate (?) with Carl about Is-Cassette-Culture-Revolutionary? And I would add this: to be revolutionary, I would expect to see a major transfer of power across society, as might be evidenced by massive economic failure of large record companies and the demise of MTV. Clearly nothing of this scale has happened. Instead we have a small special-interest minority subculture that, while it has managed to survive and expand, has probably had negligible effect on the super powers of the music world. When we witness the collapse of mass media as it is overrun by independent production and distribution networks, and when the media star system is decomposed-- let's call that a revolution!

Cheers,
Cliff Neighbors/Skidloxy
Santa Cruz, CA

I don't think the independent recording revolution is about stripping the power away from the Music Machine. And we'll never see that happen as long as our society is fueled by money. The independent recording revolution is a revolt against that very thing (money or any other outside interest controlling the creative process). So, like I said before, let the Machine have its cake and eat it too. We have revolted. It's got nothing to do with us.

Dear Bryan:

Thanks for ish #3 of GAJOOB. It's a great zine. A real standout for its size and focus. It's good to see more solid support for cassette networking and your other features (like the profiles, Musical Quotes, and I Sang With Barry Manilow) were great too. I'll give you and it a mention in Ice River and here's \$5 for the sub.

I don't agree with Carl Howard's "dink-shit" appraisal of multitrack cassette music which is a revolution, has been a revolution and will probably continue to be one. It's the Sonic Darwinism I talk about in Ice River. The Ultimate in sonic democracy and freedom. Neither the number of tracks on your machine nor the amount of money you have determine the worth of your creations. Yeah, an artist in a full blown studio is a dream I'm sure we all share, but true artistic endeavor transcends the

mundane limitations of dollars and equipment. I appreciated Carl's A/a when he was publishing, and I enjoy his music, but I find his 'establishment' vision unfortunate.

Sometimes it amazes me that despite the continued success of cassette music and networking and the gradual acceptance that has brought it to dominate the market, it still falls under attack. I would like to bring another example to the attention of you and your readers. In *Contact!*, the publication of the Canadian Electroacoustic Community, I found an article by David Keane called "Tape Standardization for Electroacoustics, A Preliminary Proposal." Keane's main point is to "eventually develop a universally practical guide" for submission to international competitions and festivals, a good thing in and of itself-- I'm sure we all have horror stories resulting from lack of standardized format or medium. The thing that I really found alarming was that analog audio cassettes were "to be used only when DAT, PCM, or reel-to-reel resources are unavailable-- preferably for documentation only; this is not satisfactory for professional electroacoustics performance." Well, he didn't call it "dink-shit", but I think we all know better. Actually this is probably a fairly normal perspective for composers that work in a University studio where everything is provided and one needn't worry about cost of equipment or supplies (the 'superiority' of digital mediums is another question all together and I'll skip it for now) and I don't think this was a premeditated attack of Keane's part. In fact, Keane says "reader response is sincerely requested" and I think that we in the cassette network should write to him. Even if one could care less about the competitions and festivals of academia, we do not need another assault on the credibility and viability of the cassette medium which currently is the only place you can hear some of the most exceptional electronic and electroacoustic music in the world today. His basic idea of standardizing is not a bad one and by enlightening him as to his faulty assumption about cassette medium perhaps we can open a door in the network a little wider. Please write: David Keane, School of Music, Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, Canada K7L 3N6 and/or *Contact!*, CP 757, Succursale NDG, Montreal (QC), Canada H4A 3S2.

.....Keep it up. I look forward to more.

Best,

Michael Chocholak

M&M Music

Cove, OR

Dear Bryan,

Accept my gratitude for GAJOOB #3. What an explosion: your magazine has really become an ambitious source of information with variety and depth. I hope the momentum continues to build for you and your projects.

I went to see my Mom and Dad in Havre, Montana about two weeks ago; the town wasn't as boring as I had feared-- at least there a person can walk around alone at 2 in the morning without much fear of anyone beside the cops or hicks.

It pleases me greatly to be hearing from so many cassette people; only one in ten seem to have jagged sticks up their asses, the other nine radiating friendliness and intelligence. Some are bringing their acts to town in the near future and I am looking forward to seeing them.

So much for my vague good will.

Remember that one thing Nietzsche told us, and forget that other thing he told us.

Beef or eel,

Shawn W. Swagerty

Bryan--

Umm.... you seem much cooler than Brian Baker with an "i", the Dagnasty character who I met once.....

Tim Albom/Incite!
Cambridge, MA

Bryan--

Sorry it took so long to respond, but we were on the road for a while up north (Boston, NY, D.C., etc.) and when we got back it took a bit to get organized again. Anyway.....

I liked your 'zine-- a very pro job. Unfortunately, around here no one is doing anything. The one music rag is put out by the local AOR station and is a total piece of garbage. They tend to only review advertisers or cover bands. Famous quote from Rockflash: "They play their covers with originality." Covers rule around here. It's good to see someone supporting original music.

I enclosed a tape and some of our propaganda-- hope you like it.

Seth Gordon/The Mockers
Virginia Beach, VA

Only review advertisers, huh? Let's see, that means I'd have only three reviews. It would save a hell of a lot of time, you know.

In Salt Lake, we've got quite a nice little burgeoning scene going on at the moment. Three places that feature originals bands quite regularly. Anyone passing through town should definitely check out The Word. Disregarding the cheap shot they gave GAJOOB in the June issue of their publication, it's run for a love of alternative music, and is quite open to all styles of music and performance art. It's small and it's cheap and it's got some real dedicated people behind it. And the local bands support it too.

I personally don't care for propaganda stuffings. I'd much rather read a letter that describes your band in your own words (see the handy profile submission guide elsewhere in this very issue) than a hundred letters from bar owners and college administrators, and a million reviews of the tape you now want me to review. It's just a little too tempting to go against the flow of all that good press, you know? Sure you do.

Greetings!

Thanks for GAJOOB. I liked the stories best. Here's the biggest and best yet [of Dysmetric Caribou, Disstraight Cattle, et al-- b], my 15th birthday issue. Summer issues will have to be done at home on my typewriter.

Hey, found out I'm allergic to dust. How lame can you get? Perhaps if you got hit by a Briggs truck, and were left with a severe limp.... well, hope you like the zine.

A suitable closing,
Kalina Lynn Kelly
Earlville, NY

Hello Bryan,

Sorry for the delay and thanks a lot for your magazine. It's really quite interesting and I wonder how you can put it out alone. I'll try to interest some people here for your work.

Well, why am I active in the tape-scene???? First, it started because I want to get more friends and because I've known some very good musicians who were rejected by the music industry. It's just a great idea to put out a cassette on your own. There are only a few things that you need, therefore, also most tape labels are really independent. About a half of the people in the scene have a good income by a normal job and do their activities just as a hobby. They don't need to get money from this and so they can publish whatever they like. In

the meantime there's a big international scene of people publishing cassettes... the small local circles are getting larger... there are meetings of these people, the press shows larger interest... etc.

Thanks a lot/see you
Claus Korn
West Germany

Dear Ga-Joob....

Here's one "Fukt-up Mommee (sic)" for your own personal ear damage. Beyond doing "dink-shit" like this, I explore the art of songcraft with a band called *Bikermutt*. I also do Encrads Ed zine, exploring the dregs of "dink-shit" music. And I couldn't give a flying stinker what the "serious artistic community" "thinks...."

Watch for my next tape, "No Arty Faces.".....

As for there being a "4-track revolution" going on, all I can say is watch out for revolutions cuz as soon as your side wins, someone else comes for your head. The wedding of digitalized sound with user-friendly software used on cheap, throwaway computers (projection screens, etc.) will be the real test of how bad people want a musical revolution. In the future, anyone will have cheap access to this software-- duplication & distribution (via phone & FAX) will be super cheap!

Jim Hofmann
Oxon Hill, MD

Hell-o Bryan!

Thankx for sending me a copy of your zine. Please find enclosed a crummy tape of our record and various information about us. It is not a fair representation of what we are doing now which is too much to say here. Our stuff now with the new line-up is meaner, louder and better and as soon as we get it recorded.... you'll get it.

I also do a radio show and write for a number of zines myself, so if you know anyone who needs airplay or press send it along or mention me. It would be greatly appreciated. Thankx again!

Earl Root
The Root of all Evil
Minneapolis, MN

Note to my gentle readers: Earl's program is on KFAI Radio in Minneapolis, 1518 East Lake St., Suite 209. The zip is 55407. The program is called "Root of All Evil" and is described in the program guide as, "Molten metal meltdowns; moidy memories; local loony tunes; weird, wild and wacky; demented and deranged; totally tasteless; rotten, mean and nasty-- even the Not-so-Evil. Leave the squeamish at home.... please!"

I don't agree that writing about what you are doing is too much to say here. That's what this zine is all about.

Dear Bryan,

Really enjoyed GAJOOB #3. Graphics, reviews, most everything done a cut above the independent zine norm. The art by Wayne Branch is great. More!

A caveat you may want to add to your "Radio!" column: in sending cassettes to radio stations, it is often more worthwhile to find out which individuals and/or which shows are geared best to playing your type of stuff before mailing. Otherwise, tapes can sometimes wind up in a corner somewhere, get lost in the shuffle, and really not get the attention they deserve. And they do need extra attention since they are more cumbersome to audition than

records, they're also making and are being confused with the utility tapes used for production, promos, etc.

A comment regarding *Little Lost City in Space*: we have a 60-minute version available for syndication. You might already have or Void-Post newsletter, but here's another copy. We blend satirical commentary with pre-produced pieces, some music... all from Outer Space. Our newsletter is free for the asking, and we have all the other sorts of propaganda you might expect. We've been around over 10 years, but finally we'll be heard nationally via satellite and cassette this Fall.

Any "cool" radio stations in your area I can get in touch with regarding LCS?

Keep up the great work.

Jerry Modjeski
Minneapolis, MN

KRCL is a cool public radio station in Salt Lake. Its address is 208 W. 800 S., SLC, UT 84101. Telephone: (801) 363-1818.

Dear Bryan:

I think GAJOOB is great! It kept me entertained. What does it mean though?

Peace,
Jen/KFR USA
Van Nuys, CA

Hi Bryan,

I read #2 again yesterday and laughed for a month. Looking forward to #3. (Now #4).

Hang in there and smile all day!

Love,
Mr. So and So
Madison, WI

random thoughts from another dork with a demo...

I've only recently found out about this thing called "underground cassette culture," and the idea of cassettes as promotion instead of straight profit. Oh well, these cassettes were made when I was a young man, ignorant of the ways of the world outside of my sheltered corner of the world. Older, wiser, and saddled with dozens of these cassettes, I write to you.

Not much of interest to say. I started writing songs in 1986 during my tenure in high school band, and I've been arranging and multitracking these suckers ever since. My songwriting and my production skills have evolved considerably since I made this cassette (my new reverb pedal makes all the difference), but the ten-song offering before you is a fair example of where I'm at. In my happy isolation I've convinced myself that I'm the best thing since the Beatles, as have most people who compose songs. All in all, if nothing else, it beats watching TV.

My future plans include getting the fuck out of this town and attending university in Montreal, where I intend to pursue my number one initiative: to form a band before I die.

the Norm
Ernie Noise Enterprises
Kingston, Ontario

Dear Bryan

I was just reading a review of your zine in Option and now, like all good americans, got to have one now.(?) Please send a copy of the latest Cajob to my address above. Here's one u.s. dollar cash, dont spend it all on one dame. Thanks for your trouble.

Peace, man
Jon Booth
Ventura, CA

ELVIS ON OTHER PLANETS WEIGHT CHART

ELVIS ON MERCURY	97	lbs.
ELVIS ON VENUS	232	lbs.
ELVIS ON EARTH	255	lbs.
ELVIS ON MARS	97	lbs.
ELVIS ON JUPITER	648	lbs.
ELVIS ON SATURN	275	lbs.
ELVIS ON URANUS	232	lbs.
ELVIS ON NEPTUNE	303	lbs.
ELVIS ON PLUTO	13	lbs.
ELVIS ON THE MOON	43	lbs.
ELVIS ON THE SUN	7,140	lbs.



Lisa "Suckdog"

Chain Letters

Illusions

I travel whimsical color lands
With hexagon people
Tabby tom-cat and black panther
Orange matchsticks, and hyena
Without a laugh,
Somewhat timid lioness excited,
In this ludicrous jungle,
Of frenzied creations.

The Venus friends,
With fresh, moist lips in green and blue,
Expel illusions.

And luminous dreams,
Are realities in jungles of bubbles
Small, smiling monkeys swing
Limb to limb to limb,
Agile and free.

We travel the landscape,
Carrying lamps, and captivation senses.
This dirty stress-forest,
Is animated and aroused.
Colored paint on grey concrete,
A Christmas light on the tombstone,
In a land,
Of open skulls.
--Highlightee Mo

Mildew

There's a small green room with slippery walls.
There are no windows, and just one door (closed).
A group sits in the room,
Back to back,
With their arms entwined and locked,
Staring at the melting ceiling.
And the door stays closed.

The ones in the room with tight foreheads,
And bodies crevassing,
Stay petrified in sterile silence.
The beautiful green is grayed.
And the people grow old,
As the walls and floor corrode,
And form brownish piles of stinking death
All around them.

Until they can no longer breath.
Until they can no longer feel.
Until they can no longer live.

And the door stays closed....
--Highlightee Mo

Lonely pocket too-full
Of lonely childhood playthings.

Strong hands protect
The contents
Of the sweaty, flattered place.
Hanging on tight,
To skateboards and marbles

Pruned up wrinkled fingers
Sweating and dreaming,
never flapping.
To see if they really
Are wings.
Shove your hands down deeper
Into pockets full of self.
Walk a hundred miles
And don't look back
Just sit in the grass,
And watch all your dreamclouds
Floating past
Over your head.
--Highlightee Mo

I jumping into a couple chain letters. Instead of sending ten out of each, I'm opening it up to you GAJOOB readers. Sounds like fun. Give Jorg and Sean heart attacks, why don'tcha?

number one:

Wait, before you throw this out, read it. It does *not* involve large sums of money.

Send a small press publication or a record or tape of your own music or other creation of your own design to the first person on the list below. Make 10 copies of this festive letter, leaving off the first address and adding your own to the bottom. Send those 10 copies to 10 people who like this sort of thing and who will likely think it'll be fun. Please keep this thang going; you'll hear from some cool folks and probably get tons of cool stuff in the mail. It will likely add excitement to your otherwise meaningless life as well. IT'L.L. WORK. If you're not into this, please pass it on to someone who might be, dig?

~~~~~

Sean Wolf Hill, 37 East Hudson Street, Dayton, OH 45405

Eunuchs of Industry, The Somerset, S. Kessler Farm Drive #15,  
Nashua, NH 03060

Billboard Combat, 200 Commonwealth Ave. #4, Boston, MA 02116

Thomas Schautzlich, Verderteile 23, 2400 Luebeck-Travemuende 1, WEST GERMANY

Rudiger Nitz, Remintenweg 3, 2400 Luebeck 14, WEST GERMANY

Hardcore Tapes, c/o Mats-Ola Sustafsson, Box 104, 545 02 Algarna, SWEDEN

Bob Z., c/o Sarris Bookmarketing, 125 E. 23rd St., Room 300, NY, NY 10010

Allen Planetscapes, c/o Doug Walker, Space Station Studio, 479 Fifth Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11215

Tone Poets, 195 Garfield Pl. #2L, Brooklyn, NY 11215

Fool's Paradise, c/o Sakolsky, Pawnee, IL 62558

Mykel Board, 75 Bleecker St., NY, NY 10012

A. Maining, c/o Mike Just, Therese-Geise-Alie 30, 8000 Munchen, WEST GERMANY

Karl Stille, PO Box 1137, 7145 Markgroningen, WEST GERMANY

Frank Zabbe, Marienstrasse 19, Zimmer 007, 7033 Herrenberg, WEST GERMANY

Michael Beer, Marktreidwitzer Strasse 1, 8591 Neusberg, WEST GERMANY

Michael Bayer, Koloingstrasse 10, 8581 Kulmain, WEST GERMANY

Michael Scharf, Poststrasse 5, 8591 Pullenreuth, WEST GERMANY

Kassana Warszawa Factory, c/o Rafal Smoczanski, Jasnodwarska Lami, 01-745 Warsaw, POLAND

Get Stuffed, c/o Wim Lambrecht, Vinkstraat 88, 8890 Aarsele Tiel, BELGIUM

Donald Campau/Lonely Whistle Music, PO Box 23952, San Jose, CA 95153

Dan Fioretti/Kitti Tapes, 312 Third Ave., Highland Park, NJ 08904

Heather Perkins/Land-O-Newts, 3851 Hilyard, Eugene, OR 97405

Kevin Dymond/Guaranteed Cleveland, 1375 Lincoln, Arcata, CA 95521

Randy Paske, 656 Birch Lane, Gilbert, MN 55741-9631

Bryan Baker/The Blind Mime Ensemble/GAJOOB, PO Box 3201, Salt Lake City, Utah 84110

## Scorching

ALONE... I squat with this  
liery, wretched affliction  
WAITING... for the roof to split  
asunder and entreat me  
PRAYING... my penance for the  
rainmakers' cooling rivelets  
TO TEMPER... the hoary, ravaging  
inferno that scorches.  
LEAVING ME... sensitive and vulnerable  
to relinquish a plea for more!

--Lars

## Dismembered

You want us to give?  
Well, we give in  
and give up  
Anxious to cuddle up  
to the knife that tangles  
and slips there  
to mangle...  
our grasp.

--Lars

## Love's Intolerance

Three old maids  
saunter across my view  
from the window's ledge  
and I tug at the rag doll's  
bushy hair and then  
fling her across the  
room of deathly quiet  
For impatience broods over  
odes to lovers as mismatched  
as by worn holey socks.

--Lars



## Electronic Music Exchange!

This is a chain letter, please keep it going!!!

Send a record or cassette of your own music to the first person on the top of the list and make ten copies of this list, leaving off the name at the top and adding your own at the bottom.

Then send this letter to ten other people who will keep the underground music exchange going. If we all keep it together we will be getting tapes from around the world!

Jörg Thomasius, Auguststrasse 19, DDR - 1040 Berlin, German Democratic Republic

Gencon Productions, 118 E. 4th St. #11, NY, NY 10003

Skizo, c/o Barban Stefano, via Gorizia, 15, I-36010 Cavazzale (VI), ITALY

Chaos Sound Unlimited, c/o Penko, Bereiteranger 4, D-8000 München 90, WEST GERMANY

Sound of Pig Music, c/o Al Margolis 28 Bellingham Lane, Great Neck, NY 11023

Bryan Baker/GAJOOB, PO Box 3201, Salt Lake City, Utah 84110

## Musical quotes

"I don't live in the past; I'm a contemporary performer. But a lot of those songs from the 50s had an honesty and a happiness you don't find in music today. They may not have been great songs, but they were done in a happy form and the music wasn't diluted the way it is today. The business was brand-new then. There was no sophistication, no pseudo-intellectualism. People hadn't gone through all the bull and politics they go through now. In today's music, so many other things matter, like what's your deal, and why don't we steal this guy from this label-- that kind of garbage. There's no concern for the art. That's what's killing the record business. It's run out of steam. Punk didn't save it; I don't know whether videodisks can save it. Rock has absolutely taken a nosedive. It's totally in the toilet. You've got hardly any good music in terms of musicianship."-- Paul Anka, *Interview/Chicago Tribune*, May 31, 1981

[Saying he has refused to perform much rock and other contemporary music]: "I wouldn't sing the garbage they were peddling. The record companies were forcing artists to take a dive, and I resisted. I thought the only important thing was to be trusted [by the fans]. And I made a stink about it. I still do. Naturally, they [the companies] don't like me; I consider it a compliment. Remember, we're talking about lawyers, accountants and marketing guys; they're in charge of the business. Imagine an industry run by people who don't know anything about the product?... there's a tremendous business injustice going on. The record companies have been saying for years that people like me [good-music singers] can't sell, but we keep selling out wherever we go [in live performance]. To me, it's 20 times harder to get people out on the town-- and at least that much more expensive--than to get them to buy a record. The truth is the industry won't sell the records, not that we [performers] can't sell them."-- Tony Bennett, *Interview/The New York Times Magazine*, June 21, 1981.

"Developments in music foreshadow the future. The future of our society can be heard in today's music, which can be elegant and structured but can express only states of chaos and anguish, never the stability of belief. This

discontent, this withdrawal by the individual, was born with Beethoven and Berlioz and continued with Boulez, Berio and John Cage. There is nothing better than contemporary music to make us realize what we have lost."-- Anthony Burgess (Author), *World Press Review*, December 1981.

"Music has gone from white to black since I entered show business. The popular songs that were written in the 20s, 30s, 40s and early 50s were written by veterans-- mostly men who'd had experience in life. How can you write a lyric if you haven't really lived life? Another reason why music was better then is that men like Richard Rodgers had the greatest creative minds for unusual melodies. You don't find minds like this very often... The kids of today have taken over the music business-- most of them very young. Simply because they write and jot down a few notes, they have the idea that they can write songs. Composers now just don't have the depth of inspiration for melody. Most lyrics of the pop songs you hear today are repetitions. They're almost nursery rhymes, as if written by children-- which they are."-- Rudy Vallee, *U.S. News & World Report*, August 10, 1981.

"I just take it on faith that the law of averages would indicate that in a country this big [the U.S.], there has got to be at least a handful of people who are capable of writing worthwhile, beautiful, uplifting, valuable music. But you'll never find out about it, because there's no way to hear their music; because the whole music business in the United States is based on numbers, based on unit sales, and not based on quality. It's not based on beauty, it's based on hype and it's based on cocaine. It's based on giving presents of large packages of dollars to play records on the air."-- Frank Zappa, *Los Angeles Herald Examiner*, December 6, 1981.

"When I'm not working, I never listen to rock. How can you advance when all you hear is just three chords? A lot of what I hear today in these raggedy, undisciplined groups ain't nothing but an excuse for not being able to play."-- James Brown, December 28, 1969.

"If I were an unknown, and if I brought 'Stardust' or 'Georgia' or 'Lazy River' or 'Rockin' Chair' to a record company today, as unfamiliar material, I wouldn't get past the front door."-- Hoagy Carmichael, September 14, 1969.

"It takes no musicianship to play rock-and-roll. You just get a big drum, a big guitar and a big amplifier, and you beat the hell out of them."-- Guy Lombardo, December 28, 1969.

"I don't think the typical rock fan is smart enough to know he's being dumped on... These kids wouldn't know music if it came up and bit 'em on the ass."-- Frank Zappa, December 15, 1969.

"In the decade surrounding 1940, the key to musical expression was nobility. We still had a form called the symphony, the noble symphony. We had the Shostakovich Fifth for the first time, the Prokofiev Fifth for the first time, Copland's Third, towering symphonic works by Hindemith, Bartok, Roy Harris, Bill Schuman, and what may have been the last of them all, Stravinsky's great Symphony in three movements. All this music was heroic music; it spoke of struggle and triumph; it reflected the basic nobility of man. Now, today, all that is gone. New music has splintered into dozens of movements, groups and experiments, ranging from the most didactic super-serialism to the most frivolous dada. Some of it is fascinating, some is titillating, some of it is touching and even beautiful, and some merely opportunistic. But one thing it almost never is is noble. And this negativism ranges right across the arts into almost all thinking disciplines."-- Leonard Bernstein, *The New York Times*, November 25, 1970.

"Great art is timeless and it is changeless and it is forever. So what do Beethoven and his music offer the world today? The same as when he was alive and as 100 years from today: a spiritual value. When you're dealing with great music, it is the most universal of all music, because it appeals to every generation and belongs to no one."-- Van Cliburn, *Los Angeles Times*, December 16, 1970.

"We are forced to listen to too much music-- in airplanes, elevators, restaurants. I'd like to have music be like fresh air. Now it's like pollution."-- Arthur Fielder, *The Washington Post*, February 3, 1970.

"I pity this generation of voiceless singers snapping their fingers to the eternal 4/4 beat. Music has gone to the devil. How can they write good music if they've never heard it?"-- Rudolf Triml, *Los Angeles Times*, September 25, 1970.

"When I was a young man, you danced with a girl as a form of courtship-- you touched her, and it was beautiful. In a discotheque today, a partner is a mere formality."-- Gene Kelly, *San Francisco Examiner*, November 14, 1970.

"You may as well stay home and listen to a recording as watch a dark-suited piano player."-- Liberace, *Los Angeles Herald Examiner*, February 27, 1970.

"... all a composer has to do is be honest. He has to write from the gut, from inside himself. I feel such a sense of sorrow for any composer who thinks he as to fashionable, because that's absolutely the one true way of going out of date."-- William Schuman, *The New York Times*, January 28, 1970.

by Jeff "Fingerhead" Jarvis

I don't like Hardcore music much. In fact, I really loath most of it. I have no interest in songs about unity, street survival, skateboards, the pit, how bad our farts smell (I think it's a Youth of Today song), and endless cover versions of TV-show theme songs. My own music is far superior. In my songs I deal with important issues-- such as UFOs, Bigfoot, Jimmy Hoffa, cult films, sex crimes, and the JFK assassination.

When a Hardcore/Punk band writes a UFO song, it's usually a thrashy bit o' disposable fluff. What Mike Mohawk doesn't realize is that UFOs are serious business-- not fodder for their speedy power grind. For example, take my song, "The Men in Black." The Men in Black are well known in UFO circles. Over the past few decades, many UFO witnesses have been visited by strange men who ask strange questions-- they are known as the Men in Black. These Men in Black have coerced many UFO witnesses into "forgetting" their sightings, or as my song so aptly puts it: "The Men in Black are alien invaders/Taking fresh water and garden fresh tators/The Men in Black are alien invaders/Impregnating women and eating gators." Hardly something that can be laughed at.

Many people have reported having sex with aliens. Now this may seem like a humorous topic-- but if you have had carnal knowledge of a 7-foot mantis maiden, I don't think that you'd be laughing. I deal with this disturbing topic in the song, "E.T. Twat." After reading about a man in South America (all these reports seem to come from South America) who wrote a lengthy report about his bizarre

sexual encounter with a space woman, I wrote these lyrics: "Eggs from strange faces/Time lapse implants E.T. twat/Now I'm the father of an alienaut." If we learn one thing from these lyrics, it's that safe sex is an oxymoron. This brings to mind a Weekly World News headline: "Did AIDS Come From Outer Space?" If you've seen the film, *Humanoids From the Deep*, then you'll recall what happens when strange creatures impregnate Earth-women (suffice to say, it's not a pretty sight). So you see, sex and UFOs go hand in hand.

That brings me to the song, "Close Encounter," in which I compare male/female relationships to a UFO encounter. When I recall the first date feeling, I think of the scene in the movie, *Astro Zombies*, in which the astro zombie's power supply is running low and he has to replenish it by putting a flashlight against his forehead. If a first date with one's own species isn't frightening enough, just imagine how awkward you would feel coming face to face with a well-endowed dog-woman from the Super Grundy Nebula. These lyrics from "Close Encounter" capture this weird moment: "She says that Alf is cute and furry/Her batteries are weak you'd better hurry."

If you've read this far and you're still a skeptic, don't feel bad. As the song, "Introspection" says: "When the aliens abducted me/I thought that there were more worlds to see/But there was no little green man/Just a spaceship that said: 'Made in Japan.'" If you've seen the film *Capricorn One*, you'll know that I'm on a roll.

At this point, you may want to ask me, "But Jeff, what do alien women look like?" Well, I have a theory that I've been working on for the past couple of years: I've come to the conclusion that there's more than one Brooke Shields. Actually, I've calculated that there must be 4250 Brooke Shields on Earth (how else could you account for *Wet Gold*, *Pretty Baby* and *Sahara*?). A detailed account of this enigma is described in the book *A Conspiracy of Brookes* by Elbo Floyd.

I'd like to conclude this column with a quote from my song, "Supermodel": "Brooke Shields can't be the human torch/She's creating mayonnaise on your front porch."

That which does not kill us makes us watch TV.



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# INTERVIEWS

## Mike Carlson

### INTERVIEW

#### Part Two

This is a continuation of an interview with Mike Carlson which began in issue #3. Mike creates music with Chad Lawrence under the moniker of None Other. They have a tape out called "The Path of Least Resistance," which is available for \$4 from Mike @ PO Box 1601, SLK, UT 84110. Mike also publishes a zine called "Use Your Brain," which is available for \$1. Hopefully, he is currently working on releasing some of his solo work.

Bryan Baker  
Mike Carlson

*Do you consider recording in itself to be part of the creation process?*

Oh, yeh. Everything is the process. From start to finish. Making the sounds, recording the sounds, engineering the sounds...  
*It's not just a means of documenting your performance, it's actually part of the performance itself.*

In some cases it is and some cases it isn't. In a lot of music that's the only thing it can serve [documenting]. Like Hardcore music and stuff. Set out your tape player, stuff a mic into the mic jack and blast. But when you come to the point where you're a lot more studio-oriented, and your music uses a lot of things that are solely tape-domain-- tape editing and splicing and samples of that kind of stuff...

*Speed manipulation...*

Yeh. That's another thing we did on a few of our songs. In that case, and I think it's more applicable in an industrial kind of a sense cuz you are trying to add strange effects that can't be generated in any other way. So it's definitely more of a medium of expression than in other music.

*How do you distribute your tapes?*

We don't [laughs]. At this point there's a copy out at Raunch right now that I gave to Brad to play on his show and to just let people listen to it if they want to hear it.

*Has Brad played it on his show?*

Yeh. Apparently he's played it a couple times. I was talking to this kid from Crash Corpse. He said that Brad plays it out there all the time, and that was the first place he'd heard it. He saw the None Other logo on my jacket, and we got to talking about it. I was pretty surprised. It's nice to hear when stuff is being appreciated. Especially by people that seem to be "power magnates" in the scene, to some extent. Brad has a lot of influence on the scene.

*Describe your own material, as opposed to the work you do with None Other.*

My own stuff differs from None Other in that it's not as structured and it's more diverse in musical styles and in the sounds that are used. If you can call them "music styles"-- cuz really they aren't established styles; they have that industrial weirdness flavor to them. And I incorporate a lot more mood, a lot more atmosphere into most of my pieces. None Other

is pretty much a "fun" band. We do say some serious things and we do some things that have a serious slant to them. But the bottom line is that we've probably laughed our asses off, doing about half the stuff that we've done just because it's so funny to our little deranged, sick senses of humor. There have been several times when we've been doing projects and stuff where I have never laughed so hard. So my music is done from a more serious approach. I try to translate my emotions and my feeling into an artistic medium just through sound and stuff. Sometimes I'll take more of a vocal thing and sometimes I'll put vocals on a piece. But generally it's either completely instrumental or I use some samples, like a recurring statement throughout the piece.

*When you approach a recording, do you ever approach it with an idea in mind before you start or is it usually conjured up as you're going?*  
The majority of the time I'll be just sitting around playing with stuff and making some different sounds, and something will really catch my ear, something will click, and I'll go, "fley, this is a really cool sound, I think I'll want to do something with this." Then I'll work out a little melody or something. Sometimes that little click will bring together a whole plan of what I want to do. And sometimes my pieces are a real haphazard approach....

At this point I somehow managed to screw up the recording of the interview, so we'll now jump to the point where Mike discusses his zine, "Use Your Brain."  
*What kind of direction is your fourth issue taking?*

The fourth one is going to be like the third one. That's kind of what I've settled on. To say a couple specific things in each issue. Hit on a couple of real important topics. If people want to submit their viewpoints on a couple things, then that goes in the "Open Forum" section. I like what I've done with that. Then I'll put in ads and stuff for other people. Do some reviews. Have some art and things in there. I'll probably have some art by Duncan [editor of GROWING, another local Salt Lake zine] in there this time. I'm going to start pulling it together here real quick, because I do want to get the fourth issue out pretty quick. The third issue was way behind. It was three months, and that's pathetic. The fourth issue is gonna be kind of a mass project I can do in a couple days. It probably won't have as many contributions this time. And I really want to see stuff from different people too. I don't want to be printing the same old shit from the same old contributors.

*What kind of stuff are you looking for?*

Anything really. I want to keep a real political slant to it, but I want all sorts of things. I want to have a pretty diverse selection of art, I want to have more graphic stuff. The last one was a lot of print-- there wasn't that much art in it. The next one will be laid out differently. It won't be so organized. Like art here, viewpoints here,

ads here. It's gonna be just little things stuck in everywhere. That will give it more of a unified feel.

I stupidly offer to typeset some things for him...

No, but thanks anyway. I have this aversion to highly polished things. You know, it's just one of my things. I don't like things that look too neat. I like that messy approach. It makes it look more homemade. I mean, what GAJOOB is saying and what SLUG (a local underground zine) is saying-- I like those zines a lot, and they serve a definite purpose, but I want it to be apparent that I'm a poor person and I'm doing this on a minimum of money. It's the personal struggle against society kind of thing. So everything I do is pretty much gonna be from my own hands or my own typewriter or whatever. I think SLUG is way too polished. I just don't get into that. It seems to have a very commercial slant to it, kind of. I don't know. It's almost just like an advertising flyer for the Word. I even told j.r. that it's cool that there's something there that's representing the lighter side of alternative music; the more commercially influenced side, I would say. But most of the stuff he's had in there has not been really really underground.

*What are you trying to accomplish, if anything, with your zine?*

Just expressing my opinions. And allowing a place for other people to express theirs too. It's another step in my fight to represent both sides of the story, basically. And I think mass media only represents one side of the story in most cases. And it's the side of the people with the money and the people in the government (which is basically saying the same thing) want you to see. So I think anything that is allowing you to see the other side-- that things are not all that rosy; that this is not a kinder and gentler nation; that bums do not choose to live in the streets; that most bums do not have a home they could go to if they wished. It's bullshit like that!

That's why I did that protest [Mike helped organize a protest against a night to salute Ed Moose, hero in Salt Lake], that's why I continue doing the zine. It's because the shit that is shoved down the throats of the American public is not how things are. And somebody needs to say something about the other side. Whether it is true or false or whatever-- I think both sides of an issue should be seen by everyone. Even if a couple of the things I do say are full of shit, at least people are gonna see both sides and make an informed decision.

*It's your shit and it needs to be voiced, huh?*

Well, yeh. And it's apparent that some of the stuff I have said is shit. Particularly the stuff in my first zine. Some of it was pretty nasty. Particularly the part about Brad Collins is a bit extreme. Laura [Lars, our local free spirit, poet and dancer] had a heavy impact on that one. She heavily criticized that one and said that I was talking about how it was time to stop the tuff punk shit and how people in the alternative movement or whatever should be more tolerant of other people involved in the same thing; and then in another part I'm ripping on little rich kids and stuff that are just into it for just the appearance aspect of it. But I believe in taking a stand. You have to take a stand. You can't just sit around on fences the rest of your life. You're always gonna offend somebody with whatever you do, so you might as well make the most of it. People are assholes. People will always find reasons to take a difference with you. So I might not say nice things and I might definitely have a lot to learn about people and life in general, but I might as



well take some kind of affirmative stance in the process. I might be in for more of a bruising than your safe Joe that's not gonna take any chances, but I'll be better off for it in the end though.

*Speaking of affirmative action, is there any kind of political action coming up in your future?*

Oh, not really. For a while we were considering going down to the Aryan Nation reading room and doing some subversive actions, but if anything I'm gonna get hooked up with this anti-racist action bunch that's organized locally, and definitely write to this guy who's organizing a protest over all this Aryan Woodstock bullshit that's going on up there. I may go up there for that, but that's still really indefinite, because if you do you probably ought to take a gun. It could turn into a battlefield up there real easy. I think there are that many extremist, ignorant shithheads who would take it as an excuse to get rid of a few people who would oppose them. The law enforcement people own that area and they're racist too, so you've got nobody on your side. That's a real scary thought.

But it's not an isolated thing with all the anti-racist stuff. There's a lot of other people who are involved with that. Not just Punks and Hardcore and anti-racist Skins and stuff. There's a lot of just your good old common folks who believe the same things to that extent that all people, regardless of color, creed, nationality, etc., have a right to those freedoms. Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. And that no one has the right to take that away from them no matter what is presupposed about them—that they might be taking the food out of the mouths of poor whites, or whatever. If anybody's taking the food out of the mouths of people, it's people like Ezra Taft Benson (Mormon prophet) and Lee Iacocca and good old George Bush himself. They're the people who make millions, if not billions of dollars a year, and put it in bank accounts. They don't disperse it to the poor. They don't donate to housing. Good old Ezra Taft just bought himself like a \$12 million condo, which is completely tax-free because it's a piece of church property. If that guy was being real Christ-like, and if he cared two shits about people who are starving and the homeless and stuff, he'd be living in a little tin shack or something and giving all of his money away. It's like that Slayer song, "Read Between the Lies." It's saying that your money is not going to spread any sort of God's gospel, it's going to buy nice clothing and cars and everything for these people that are leading you around by the nose. Or "Leper Messiah" by Metallica is the same line that you're all being lead around by the nose by all these religious fanatics who are not interested in God in the least. Their God is the dollar bill. Their God is green. They probably don't believe in God any more than your average agnostic does. But He happens to be a convenient avenue to becoming wealthy.

*There's a phrase on the None Other tape which goes, "Capitalism and..."*

Oh, "Capitalism and Democracy are cruel tyrants."

That's it. Enlighten us here.

Capitalism no longer works. Capitalism does not serve for equality. It's now just a monopoly over certain goods and services by a certain number of select people. And if you're not in with those people, you aren't going anywhere. The little man can't survive under Capitalism.

*So what's the remedy?*

Violent revolution [laughs].

*For what end?*

Well, I have this little hang-up with anarchy.

But anarchy will never work. I'm a person that personally deals with idealisms. Ideally, we'd live in a society where each person could stand on his own two feet. Each person would be their own leader. Not make decisions, not make rules. They would make whatever decisions were necessary for them, and they would lead their own lives, and through some kind of minorly cooperative effort-- although I'm not into socialism since I read Anthem by Ayn Rand --but some kind of barter system, where one person's goods and services would be exchanged for another person's goods and services. But I shy away from any cooperative effort because it means that somebody's got to suffer. It feels kind of hypocritical, because if I was really living by my words I'd be living out in the woods in a log cabin, raising all my own food on my own farm, killing all the animals that I ate and using them completely-- living a completely self-sufficient lifestyle. But it's obvious that I can't do that. And obviously I don't want to do that. I'm a city-oriented person. I like living in the city. I like what it means, I like my conveniences. I like my security. If you're truly self-supporting, you work your ass off. You work sixteen hours, twenty hours a day from sun up to sun down, feeding animals, plowing fields, planting crops. I don't get into hard labor. And I don't enjoy farming. I would much rather work 8 or 10 hours a day for some little corporation or something; make my money, pay my rent, buy my food, and still have money left over for recreation-- not to mention time left over for recreation. If I was truly self-supporting, I wouldn't have any music, I wouldn't be able to do any of my zines, I wouldn't be able to do shit. All I would be able to do is live. And to me, that's a meaningless existence.

*Do you think Capitalism then is the best of...*

No. Capitalism is far from being the best of, or the better of two evils, because it means that people suffer. I just haven't made any great decision about it. I haven't figured out what I want to do because if I say that I would deny both Capitalism and Communism then I would have to live a totally isolated existence, where I did everything for myself, and that's something I don't want to do. So there's a real conflict of interest there. Obviously both Capitalism and Communism are equally evil. This trumped-up shit that George Bush and his friends come marching out with that Capitalism is the boon of mankind and that Democracy is the greatest thing in existence is bullshit. In Communism the little man is stamped on and told what to do. In Capitalism the little man is ineffective and can't do a thing. So really there is no difference between the two, except what kind of idealologies it's based on and the general government structure. The people are all the same. The people at the top are rich and comfortable, and the people on the bottom are poor, starving and in the streets. There's no difference. Except in Russia, people aren't in the streets. They're in the cheapest housing you can think of, living in horrid little ghettos and shit, working 20 hours. The entire family over the age of 10 is working in factories. It's really screwed up. But it's hard to expound all my ideology and shit and say all the things I'd like to do, when I really can't do anything about them. So obviously the best thing you can do is try to make a better thing out of what you've got.... But really, I think it all just boils down to tolerance. I think that's why there's so many wars, why the underground won't work the way it's supposed to. All these different things. It's because of intolerance. Everybody has to be

tolerant to a certain extent in a world where there are other human beings. If everyone were a little more tolerant of the next guy's attitudes and his viewpoints, the world would be a smoother place to live in. If you have to deal with other people, you're gonna have to tolerate other people or you're gonna have to kill them. You got two options there.

*What made me ask you about Capitalism was the other day when we met in the deli at Food Check... when I was coming through the kitchen, I saw you talking to one of the checkers.*

Oh, Mike? Yeah, I was just kinda going off on the whole thing. Well, we were talking about school, and about how we were dealing with the financial aspects of it. What I was telling him is something I pretty much was influenced by from Bruce Adams who is a TA up in the Education building. What he says is that the system works to perpetuate itself. If you can make it difficult for the people who really do know something and the people who could really make an impact on society, causing a kind of change; if you make it difficult for them to get into the system and make it difficult for them to have any influence and make it, consequently, easier for the people who are going to perpetuate the system to get into the system and basically keep it going the way it's going, it serves it's purpose. And that's what we were saying. The only way I can get into school is if I go on a Pell grant or something. I can't work my way through school. I don't want to. I'd have to work eight to ten hours a day, not to mention going to school six hours a day; it would be Hell. To me, education is a valuable thing, but it's not worth killing myself over. And I guess I'm pretty much an inherently lazy person. I don't like to work. I realize that work is a necessary evil, and I'll do as much as necessary; but it's also made me very smart. It's made me smart to the extent that I've learned that I can get along with extremely little, and the less that I have to get along with, the less I have to work.

*So what kind of goals do you have?*

To educate myself. To continue representing the misrepresented side of the stories that you hear in every day life. But I really can't come marching out with any kind of definite plan about the future because most definite plans about the future involve conforming to society in some way, and there is no format for being alternative. You have to be alternative in your own way. You have to be your own person. There's a format for being part of the mass, for being part of the big mob, marching down the street, but there's no formula for being you. You have to discover that as you go. So I think, overall, the future can't be planned. I'll probably continue with my interest in music. I like music a lot. I'll probably continue doing some kind of publication because I want to continue expressing my ideas. I would like to eventually live a more comfortable existence than I have, but I will never lead that kind of an existence at the cost of another person. Wherever I get in life will be because of my own troubles and because of my own hard work. It'll never be because I screwed somebody else over or took advantage of somebody else to get where I was. I won't kiss ass or fuck my way to the top. That's just totally alien to me. I respect other people more than that. But that's all I can really say about the future. I mean, the future's looking kind of bleak if you look at it from several different sides of the picture. Maybe we won't be here in five or ten years, so I don't know.



NIHILISTIC ORDER, which hails from a room in Tawas, Michigan, is the child from the brains of Chris Charles and Aaron Kent. Their new tape, *The Right Choice*, is full of the kind of conviction which you will find apparent in the following interview. This interview took place via the mails in early August, 1989....

**GAJOOB** Who or what influences your music?

**Chris** Witnessing the ways that we, as people, relate to each other as we run the obstacle course of life influences the lyrics of my music. Musically, every single piece of music that I have ever listened to has influenced me. For instance, my singing voice has been called direct and to the point, with a serious sound. This sound comes from rap, or Lou Reed. I don't get into Lou Reed's music and I have only a rudimentary understanding of hip-hop's appeal, but I gathered that vocal style into my musical fold because it seems so effective in getting people to listen, and to take you seriously.

**Aaron** Life-relationships with others, events that take place all over the world and most of the music I listen too.

**GAJOOB** What equipment do you use for recording?

**Chris** I use a \$20 microphone, a \$100 pawn shop guitar, and a \$99.95 Synsonics drum machine that anyone can buy from a Sears catalog. Aaron has some sort of space age thing that I plug these into at various times; hopefully he'll explain.

**Aaron** Kramer Pacer bass, Montoya guitar, Rocktek Metal Worker pedal, Tascam Porta-One.

**GAJOOB** How long have you been together?

**Chris** We have been together in various bands for about two years. It was my 15th birthday-- I got a bass. It was Aaron's 16th birthday-- he got drums. We started a group called FEEDBAK with friends. It was a five-piece Metallica RocknRoll thing. It got old, so we trimmed it down to a funder three-piece called POWER TRIO. We eventually tried the existing two-piece format. I guess any other lineup trims will become solo careers.

**GAJOOB** Is it your preference to record with just the two of you, or would you prefer to have a full band?

**Chris** It's not my preference.

**Aaron** The only addition we would like would be a drummer.

**Chris** I would like to find a drummer. Aaron can play drums, but he likes bass better. Yes, a drummer would be the best bet. Any drummers out there?

**GAJOOB** Are there any advantages to the two-man lineup?

**Aaron** It's easy to get together, and there's not many disagreements over what is being done.

**Chris** Like if you want to take a break in a five-piece you practically need a show of hands! And I never have been a fan of bureaucratic red tape. Musically, it's easier 'cuz there's less turmoil, less goofing around and less cords to trip over and look stupid.

**GAJOOB** What are the disadvantages?

**Aaron** We can't play live with just us two.

**Chris** Which could be good or bad. People automatically assume that you're a dance band (which could also be good

or bad). But I think we'll find a drummer soon.

**GAJOOB** Let's talk about your tape, *The Right Choice*. It has a song about suicide which seems to approach that subject with sort of an air of flippancy. What is your attitude concerning suicide?

**Chris** To truly understand the message intended from the song, "Suicide State," one must first understand where I am coming from. I am seventeen, and in less than four weeks I go to college; thus beginning a new chapter in my life that will probably last more than four years. In the course of this time expenditure I will be so deeply in debt that I could never hope to repay it with my minimum wage job that I now have. I will be living in a dorm situation where there will be twice as many people as in my hometown of Tawas.

"Suicide State" is my way of expressing outrage at our system's sink or swim mentality. You are sheltered and kept away from "bad people" and things for eighteen years, and POW--you're suddenly forced to exist. Just like your parents were, and their parents were, etc. It's got to end. The pressure is unbearable. No wonder drugs and punks rule our streets (as George would say).

As far as suicide is concerned, I've tried it. People say it's the easy way out-- it isn't. Joining the Armed Forces, where they feed and take care of you and pay you for cutting your hair and living with the same sex for four years is the easy way out. Some say, "Chris, you say that now, but wait until someone you love commits suicide." I say that will just be another layer of pain, y'know? Add that to the old man with no legs I saw in the nursing home,

or the crying child with no mother. I think of Othello: "It is silliness to live when to live is torment." And I know I'm right when I say it's perfectly normal to contemplate and discuss this subject. Sometimes I actually don't want to live.

**Aaron** I don't believe this song will cause anyone to commit suicide.

**GAJOOB** In the song, "On the Edge," you maintain a hope for the future. What does "breaking through" refer to (breaking through what?)? Considering your name, do you think we must break down existing attitudes in morality and religion and politics-- or simply move beyond them?

**Chris** Just like sometimes I don't want to live, there are times when I feel excited about different possibilities that await me in this life. "On the Edge" is simply a song about writing the ultimate song. I mean, sometimes I'll sit down with a sheet of paper and I feel like I'm nearing a breakthrough. By a breakthrough, I mean a discovery, a creation. To create the ultimate song, so original that no one has even dreamed anything close to it. The ultimate song that transcends musical tastes and prejudice. I feel like I'm so close to it sometimes.

I think we must break down existing attitudes in morality, religion and politics. Moving past these attitudes simply doesn't work. The simple answers that racism, facism, prejudice and conservatism offer will always appeal to the less intelligent.

**Aaron** Existing beliefs and doctrines must be improved upon or destroyed in order to improve the conditions that we must endure in life.

**GAJOOB** Your songs are filled with the idea of taking conscious control of your own life. Do you think people today are generally apathetic towards life?

**Chris** I really can't speak for all people. All I know is that there's a lot of people who really couldn't care less about making the world a better place as long as Saturday night's party is still going to happen, y'know? Maybe selfishness has something to do with it; they don't really care about anyone else's feelings or problems just as long as they're happy. This is sad because one, life's problems are everyone's problems, and two, if people thought a little bit more and made concessions for others' feelings, both people-- the concession maker and the other person-- would be happier. Just like how you can have a relationship with a person and have everything happen just how you want it, yet you're still not happy because all you did was take. But I still have faith in human goodwill.

**GAJOOB** Are there any people you admire for making "the right choice"?

**Chris** I can't think of anyone offhand.... Oh, yes, maybe David Letterman. I don't know if he is only acting, but I get the impression when I watch his show that he's just there being himself, doing what he wants to do-- and people love him for it. That's admirable. Also my friend, Roy Hoin, who never gives in to peer pressure-- or any kind of pressure for that matter.

**GAJOOB** What do you like and dislike about recording?

**Chris** I don't like the time it takes to get everything right when using the 4-track. Also, having a song turn out differently than you had planned in your head (although sometimes it works out even better). And having people say that it was a waste of time (even though you can't please everyone). You play the music, hope people like it and cringe when they don't.

What I like about recording is just knowing that I did it. I can't draw and I can't dance, so this is what I can do. This is my art.

**GAJOOB** Why do you record?

**Chris** I record because no one else will record what I'd like to hear. NIHILISTIC is what I've always wanted a band to sound like.... really! So I figured that it was time for me to record it and see if anyone else agrees with my musical tastes. I figure there must be someone out there.

**GAJOOB** How do you plan to get NIHILISTIC ORDER out into the world?

**Chris** We plan on writing to magazines like this one. We also plan of sending this tape (and others like it) to record companies. They may laugh at the production; but the way I see it, a song is good no matter what. For a demo, you might as well record with a boom-box, a voice, and an acoustic guitar, because if a song moves you in that form, anything else you do to it will just add to that original greatness.

**GAJOOB** Do you have any thoughts about Cassette Culture in general?

**Chris** I don't buy mainstream tapes, let's put it that way. Half of today's mainstream music is done by studio musicians, and posed for by actors and actresses (it seems). There's really no need because our Cassette Culture has everything. Real people, real music-- it works. The time is right for all of us underground artists to push ourselves upon the major record companies. It's got to happen.

**GAJOOB** There seems to be a general theme running throughout your tape. Is there also a general idea behind NIHILISTIC ORDER?

**Chris** Yes. Some general themes come to me in a brainstorm: be yourself, be better to each other and be aware. We cannot allow the few to tyrannize the many. Your thoughts are as important as mine or anyone else's. Keep communicating with each other. Don't be afraid to take down your walls and let new ideas in. We can work this out.

**GAJOOB** Any parting shots?

**Chris** Thank you for the interview. You and other zines to give us our first breaks won't be forgotten. Write us, we'll answer-- it's that simple.

I guess that's it. So, for bandmate, Aaron Kent, and the man who makes NIHILISTIC possible, my good friend, Howard Scholtz, this is Chris Charles saying farewell from somewhere on the trail of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

NIHILISTIC ORDER can be reached via Howard Scholtz, PO Box 352, Tawas City, MI 48764. Their new tape, *The Right Choice*, is available for \$3 from the same address.

#### Ann Landers' Readers Sing different tunes on rock shows

submitted by Ashley Allen

DEAR READERS: Remember the letter from the Wisconsin mother who attended a rock concert with her teen-agers and was horrified at what she saw?

She described filthy language, obscene costumes, violence and live firecrackers tossed recklessly into the crowd. There were medical emergencies among those who were drinking and doing drugs. Many couples were taking off their clothes and some were having sex openly.

The response to that woman's letter has been mind-boggling. I've been putting in 12-hour days and two bags of mail have yet to be opened. Take a look.

■ From Madison, WI: I am a music critic for the Wisconsin State Journal and I don't believe the rock concert described by that mother ever took place. Don't get me wrong, a few kids have gotten tragically out of hand, and I've seen some terrible shows (Motley Crue, the Beastie Boys, etc.), but even these infamous bands never created the bedlam the woman described.-- John Kovalik

■ From Sacramento: I've been to dozens of concerts and have never seen anything like that. I've seen Kiss, Van Halen and the Rolling Stones. All great. You've been hornswoggled, Annie.

■ From Buffalo: I'm 30 and attended two rock concerts in a football stadium when I was 18. Kids were stoned and screaming like maniacs. I left when dozens of people around me started to hallucinate and throw up. It was disgusting.

■ New York: Concerts featuring Motley Crue and Vince Neil were shocking. Our children were told drug abuse is great, casual sex is fine, and violence is OK. Please note, some rock stars such as Bob Dylan, Bruce Springsteen, Stevie Wonder and Dire Straits have a positive message and are wholesome.

So, dear readers, I have concluded that some rock groups are great. Others are disgusting. Parents who want a clear understanding of what's going on should inquire about the video "Rising to the Challenge." It'll knock your socks off. Write to: Parents' Music Resource Center, 1500 Arlington Blvd., Arlington, VA 22209.



# DINO DiMURO



Dino DiMuro has been active in Cassette Culture for several years. He consistently produces tapes which rank among the best that independent recording has to offer. The following interview was conducted courtesy of Alexander Bell's wonderful invention, on the night of August 6, 1989.

Dino DiMuro  
Bryan Baker

I just bought a \$10 turntable at a garage sale because it said it had 78 on it, and I have tons of 78s that my parents and grandparents gave me; and I got it home, and it turns out it only plays 33. But I haven't had a turntable--well, I have one, but a friend has been borrowing for like 3 years. So I just hooked this thing up, and it actually plays records pretty well. So I'm rediscovering all my vinyl that's in the closet.

*Quite an experience, huh?*

Yeh. I bought a Residents album today. I haven't bought a record in a long time....

*So, have you got a few minutes?*

Sure.

*Want to do an interview?*

Sure. I don't know how interesting I'll be.

*Well, I don't know how interesting I'll be either.... Let's start out with some boring questions and hope it turns into something interesting. How about some background information?*

Oh, God! What do you want to know?

*Like musical stuff. How you got started, or...*

The earliest instrument I played was 5-string banjo. And I played that because when I was about eight or nine I guess, or ten, I saw Bonnie and Clyde; and I was really excited by the Flatt and Scruggs soundtrack. That was one of the first records I owned. All I ever wanted to do was copy that 5-string banjo picking style. Actually, my grandmother tried to get me to play piano when I was five, and I had about a month's worth of lessons, but I really wasn't into the piano. I really didn't want to do that. So later, I got the banjo...

Also, I'd always been interested in tape

media. Owning a tape recorder, to me, was the pinnacle. I thought that being able to record the theme songs to Get Smart and The Munsters would just be incredible. And, at the time, they only had those reel to reel machines (with the tiny wheels-- those 3-inch ones).

*Yeh, I got one of those.*

My mom got me one out of the Blue Chip stamp catalog. So I was trying to legitimately learn to play the banjo; but at the same time I was doing these incredible noise montage noise-fest things. First, I called the band The Screamers. By this time I was about nine.

Then I hooked up with a guy named John Gibson, who came into my school in the sixth grade. I don't know what possessed me to do this, but I played him one of the weird tapes that I made on my own, and then he wanted to join in and make some. I don't know if this was true for you, but at that age having a group, or pretending that you were a group was just the ultimate uncool thing to do-- I mean, to actually presume that you were a GROUP!!

So in a shroud of secrecy we would get together on the weekends with noisemakers and stuff, and just bang away, and just make these completely outrageous, noisy tapes. Then he got an electric guitar, so I later got one also. And then from there, slowly, both of us actually learned to play.

*Do you still have some those recordings?*

I have everything I've ever recorded [laughs]!

*Do you really?!*

Yeh, with the exception of about 20 tapes that have disappeared. I've lived in about six different places, and I was always real careful to move all the tapes every time. But for some reason I've lost 20 things from about '76 or '75-- like phone calls and stuff. But all the important musical stuff, most of it is still there.

*So you probably got quite a big collection of your own stuff.*

Yeh, it's around 700 tapes

*Have you ever released some of the older stuff?*

Every once in a while I put some of it on my tapes. DiMurohouse-- I put a little on there. But the sad fact is, it's so unlistenable that even with John I have to severely edit and

equalize it to get him to listen to just a few minutes of it. It was done on these shitty little cassette recorders with the really bad microphones, completely over-modulated a lot of the time.

So the stuff that we did from '69 to '71, most of that is barely listenable. He went away to Ireland for a couple years, and then he came back. Then once he came back, most of the stuff actually started sounding like "songs." We played together until we graduated from High School. Then he went back to Ireland a second time, and later he moved to Oregon. So I play with him whenever I go to visit, but that's only like twice a year.

*Have you been in bands over the years, or have you stuck strictly to recording?*

In High School, I was in a Cream-type band-- sort of a power-blues boogie-type trio.

*You played guitar?*

Yeh. But I got thrown into that almost by accident. I had a friend who was in the band, and I was invited to play along; and they ended up liking me better than their other guy. But I had never been into Clapton, and I didn't know very much Cream at all, whereas the bass player and the drummer were acolytes of Baker, Jack Bruce and Clapton. I played along the best I could, but I had never been in a live band before and I'd only had a few lessons. So ultimately they kicked me out-- they were really too good for me.

A couple years after that I was in a band that played High School dances, and we played a lot of Eagles and some Joe Walsh stuff, Deep Purple.... The pinnacle for that band was one night we opened for Van Halen at a High School dance.

*Are you serious?!*

Yeh. I think they were about a year away from signing their contract. The school that hired us was called Romona Convent. It's basically an hispanic girl's school. This was '75 or '76. Disco had not really caught on yet, it was still called soul music. This was a crowd that definitely did not want to hear heavy metal or rock; they wanted soul music. They wanted dance music, that kind of stuff. So we came on, and they really did not like us. They looked at us, and they really didn't like the stuff we were playing. I have a tape of that show. Then when we were done,

Van Halen came on and just wailed! Owwww! And everyone in the auditorium walked out. They all decided, "Fuck this," and they all got in their cars and drove away. So Van Halen just kept on playing, "Wow! We really got ourselves a wild house here tonight!" Most of the other guys in our band hated Van Halen. They had a reputation for being this snotty metal group, and they were supposed to be so good. But me and the drummer thought they were great, so we just went up and sat right in front of them. The stage, I think, was right on the floor, it was only elevated a little bit from the floor. So while the other band members packed the stuff away, me and the drummer just took in the show, just the two of us-- there was nobody else in the auditorium. So when they finished their set, I went up to David Lee Roth and I said, "You guys are gonna be famous some day." And he said, "Yeh! Allright!" He shook my hand, and me and the drummer quit the band the next day 'cos we were so humiliated by how good Van Halen was.

And the rest is history.... Unfortunately, I wish I had a tape running. I recorded our set, but tape in those days was a little harder to come by, so I didn't record Van Halen. It would have been fun to have.

*So when did you get into independent taping and distributing?*

Well, I'd always sort of done it. When John and I did it, we only had one master that was really the only copy that existed. And we had an audience of one, I think. We had a guy named Greg who just happened to hear one of the tapes once and said, "Oh, that's pretty good." So he was doomed from that point on, 'cos we'd get him stoned and play him the new tape and stare at him to see what he would do.

Then when I started playing on my own, I would play them for whoever was my girlfriend at the time. Maybe one or two other people. Even then we would pass the master around. Finally, I started going with a lady named Anna, who worked at a radio station KPJK down here, and I think she was the first person to play any of it on the air. As a result of getting involved in the radio station, I started passing out a few copies of the tapes to some of the other DJs and some of the other people I knew there.

It was about that time that I started listening to a radio show, FRGK with Brent Wilcox. He mentioned that OP magazine was folding, and that there was a new magazine called Option that was going to be taking over. So I subscribed before the first issue had even come out. I was completely blown away that everybody seemed to be doing this. Up 'til then, if I ever ran into anybody at the radio station who sent in a tape, I would immediately write to them; but usually nothing ever came of it. But I was blown away with all these addresses and reviews, and that they were actually considering it an art form. It's pretty amazing, but once you think about, you think, "Well, how could it be any other way?"

At this point, I had five or six releases with actually tape covers, but I knew that any

single one of them was probably not good enough to send to Option, so I put together a little best-of tape, and mailed that to Option and a few other people-- actually to about ten or eleven people that I had read about in Option. And most of them are people I am still writing to. Like Tom Furgas, Al Perry, Ken Clinger....

The next tape I made was "Mutual Admiration Society." That was really the beginning of trading and sending out a lot of tapes. Option reviewed me once, and then they didn't review me for quite a while. So I got pissed off, because I noticed that Tom Furgas was getting reviewed every single issue. I finally got so angry that I wrote a nasty letter to Ritchie Unterberger. And he wrote back and defended Option, saying that, at the time, they reviewed about 90% of all the cassettes they got, which is nowhere near the truth now. It just got so popular and so many tapes started coming in. So I wrote back to him and I offered to review tapes. From reviewing I really got quite a few more contacts.

*How do you approach reviewing?*

First of all, reviewing tapes is about the worst way possible to actually get into the tapes because what happens is Option gets tons and tons of tapes. Ritchie will go through and try to weed out the ones that are really obviously not good. He sends me about fifteen every issue. I assume all the other reviewers get at least that many also. I usually don't get them until about three weeks before deadline. So I've got to sit down and listen to about fifteen tapes at least once. And to really get a feel for a tape, you've got to listen to it twice or even three times, then be able to write something that has some kind of intelligence and some kind of viewpoint.... There have been times when I have actually liked a tape, but couldn't get a handle on what to say about it, and the deadline would go by and I would never get around to actually reviewing it. People complain a lot about their tapes not getting reviewed. There are so many reasons why I might pass on a tape, and even if I write a review on it, Option might not run the review because maybe they have too many tapes in that genre or they just don't have the space to run it.

My approach to reviewing has really sort of evolved. In the old days I would play every single one and give it the benefit of the doubt all the way through. Now, unfortunately, if there's not something original about a tape within the first twenty minutes I put it aside 'cos there's just too much stuff. Too much to listen too. And I find that there's a point where I just can't take in any more new sound. There's just so much stuff, that it starts to really hurt the other tapes that I want to review. So I'll go through all fifteen tapes and find the seven or so that really have something original. I will then play those seven over and over, until I get down to maybe five or six, and write the reviews.

There are a lot of drawbacks to this. Something may strike me as original and stand out and I'll be happy to write an ecstatic review; but when I play it again

and realize that it only sounded fresh at the time, and it really wasn't as good as I thought, but I was just so happy to have something that stood out from the pack. And I'll feel kind of bad later, thinking, "Oh, God, I hope I don't turn too many people on to this and have them be pissed off." So I've tried to avoid that pitfall. And the other problem is that there's just a lot of music that grows on you with time, and I might slight something or not be as enthusiastic about something that will later grow on me; or even completely avoid something that might be good. I've done that a couple times-- like with Cleaners From Venus, I didn't like the tape I got a few years ago, and apparently a lot of people like that tape. So you just do the best you can....

*About how many tapes do you have, with buying and trading and reviewing?*

I've never actually counted, but I'd say it's around 200-250 tapes. I have a cut-off point because there's a guy named Peter Gulerood(?) who has a band called Uzima, and he's an animator who does a lot of work at home, drawing at his desk all day; and he just plays music constantly. It turns out that he'll take anything I don't want, so every six months or so I gather all the tapes I know I don't want, and he gladly takes them off my hands. So that way I'm trying to hone down my collection to only the stuff that I really listen too. I feel bad that I can't save all the stuff that people send me, but I just ended up having too much material.

*Let's move on to how you record....*

I have a Teac reel-to-reel 4-track machine. Until recently I would record onto the four tracks and bounce to an Akai 2-track reel-to-reel machine, mixing those four tracks down to two, and then bounce back to the 4-track. And I would do that process up to eight, or sometimes ten tracks. Just this week I purchased a Toshiba VCR that has PCM sound on it, so I'm getting an almost perfect bounce now. I've just done a song where I have ten tracks and it sounds just as good as ones I did with six tracks before. So that's real exciting. I was waiting to do this with DAT tape, but since they never came out.... It looks like they're going to come out now, but they're going to make it so you can go from one CD or one other tape, but you can't make multiple copies from that particular tape.

*What kind of effects do you use?*

I have a Korg reverb unit that has about ninety settings on it that I've had for about a year. And I have a bunch of foot pedals for the guitar. Up 'til then I did some pretty cheesy tricks, like reverb on the 4-track by feeding a track into itself, delayed a little bit; and sometimes I'd put keyboards through the guitar foot pedals or through a little Realistic reverb thing I got from Radio Shack.

*You also do a lot of stuff with speed manipulation of vocals.*

Yeh. The 4-track is able to go from plus or minus 5%.

*How did you get the vocal sound on "Clem's Flapjack F---" (from "I'll Be Good")*

I believe I sped it down 5%; but I also have a p... voice. I'm able to go

pretty low and pretty high anyway. There's some songs that Don Campau automatically assumed I had speeded up or slowed down, and I know that I hadn't done that.

*I like the vocal on that song.*

Oh, good! Yeh, that old man's voice is a voice I do a lot in my life, so it was pretty easy to sing.

*You collaborate with several people.*

Sometimes, yeh.

*Do you like doing that?*

It depends on how busy I am. With Tom Furgas, I had wanted to collaborate with him for a while. I was kind of green in the network, and he had a lot of other people he was working with. Then, out of nowhere, I guess I was finally good enough to collaborate with, because suddenly he sent me a whole bunch of material. I was sort of pissed off at first because I thought a lot of it was really hard to work with. But then, as I started to work with it, I thought of it as a challenge and thought that he was challenging me to expand. So it was fun to do that.

I also did a couple collaborations with Van Hofmann, but we've kind of fallen out of contact and we don't trade that much any more. And I just did something for a compilation Al Perry is putting together. And for Don Campau, I'll do anything anytime 'cos his stuff always comes out so good. Although he wanted me to do some voice stuff for his "Dreamstate" tape, and I just couldn't bring myself to actually complete what I was doing-- I couldn't get myself to just speak into the microphone and tell my dream, so that tape went out without me on it.

*Did you like how that turned out?*

Oh, yeh. It's a little spacy for me, but I liked it. I tried to listen to it in the car and it distracted me a little too much.

*Who are some of your favorite cassette artists?*

Um...[painfully]... Don, Al Perry & Fish Karma, Tom Furgas, Ken Clinger, Kevin Diamond.... um... Dan Fioretti. I know there's a whole bunch of people I'm missing.

*What kind of stuff do you generally like? Is it more song-oriented?*

Yeh, I tend to like song stuff. I don't really like the noise people too much. So people who are based in the song mode, and then expand from that, like Don Campau, those are the people I tend to like.

Oh! Okay. Also Joe Numan with Rudy Schwartz Project, and YU.

*I've received 110 tapes for this issue.*

Wow! Just from the magazine?

Yeh.

*And you're still reviewing all of them?*

Yeh, I don't know how it will hold up over time, but that's what I'm going to try to do.

*And you're still receiving more every day?*

Yeh. I've got close to a dozen since the Option review came out.

There's a letter in the new Sound Choice from a guy named Russ Stedman who, I believe, has bought some of my tapes through the mail. And what's funny about it is that it's almost exactly the same letter that I

sent to Ritchie Unterberger back in '85 with the names changed. And he says, "I'm sick of sending you guys tapes. I've sent you nine tapes, and you didn't review any of them. Whereas, guys like Chadbourne and DiMuro seem to get three tapes reviewed per issue."

*Is that true?*

Well, Dan Fioretti does review a lot of my tapes. I don't send him that many review copies, but Dan, I think, just likes to review my stuff. So I have been in there a lot. But that's exactly the same letter I sent to Ritchie, except I said guys like Tom Furgas are in there two or three tapes per issue.

*So I guess you have to send Russ a letter now, and he'll write back apologetically and pretty soon he'll have three tapes per issue in there.*

David, the editor, replied that the squeaky wheel does get the grease with him and that if you write him letters like that you're more than likely to get reviewed.

*Which of your own tapes is your favorite?*

Um.... I hate to say it, but "A Real Pretty Rose." [laughs].

*Really?*

[sarcastically] It's those train sounds that I really like.

*Yeh. Getting on and off that train....*

Yeh, I would say "A Real Pretty Rose," but I think that's the one I like 'cos I like that kind of music the most; but I think the most consistent one was "Mutual Admiration Society," and that one is also the biggest seller. Do you have that one?

*No, I don't.*

It's kind of primitive now. I didn't have any synthesizer. I just had this Casio and the shitty Casio drum programs-- the shitty ones; I have another Casio and I use the drum programs on it a lot, but this is an older one that has a really shitty cymbal sound that just sounds like white noise and the keyboard is sort of organ-ish, farfisa sounding. But I was in love at the time. A girlfriend had just died, and I had just gotten together with a new girlfriend, but it was a long distance relationship. And this tape was about all my frustration of having all this horrible shit just happen to me, and then having this new love

all fired up; and I put out this very incredibly consistent, from beginning to end, tape. Even people who aren't really into home tapes seem to like that tape for some reason.

*What do you like most about recording?*

I still just like taping shit. Like I'm going to Oregon in three days, and tonight I was just sitting here opening all my boxes of blank tapes so that I would have them ready to have the tape running while I'm on my trip. I just love taping things anyway. But I also really love music, and I'm really trying to become a better composer and a better musician. And I do love to write songs and sing and play. I know I'm not a great singer, and a lot of times I try to leave tracks open for other people to sing. Like on my new tape I'm definitely going to try to get this girl I found to sing on a lot of the songs.

*Really?*

Yeh.

*But I like your voice!*

Well, good! Good.

*Really. I'm serious. Especially "Clem's Flapjack Feast."*

[laughter]

Well, that stuff I can nail!

*You seem to write a lot about relationships.*

Yeh?

*What other subjects do you like to tackle?*

Well, as a person, I am more politically aware, but whenever I try to tackle that stuff.... I mean there are many greater thinkers other than myself, and I really had to face the fact that I'm really not an intellectual, and I really can't lead people. So the best I can do is to be entertaining and try to put a couple things in there along the way to make people think about something. But there's a lot of stuff that pisses me off that I try to get in there.

*What kind of stuff do you avoid?*

Have you ever heard Rudy Schwartz Project? That's an example of a guy who will tackle stuff head on like the way Zappa does it-- quite blatantly. He did a song about Jimmy Saggert, whom he despises. His songs come out as sort of tirades-- kind of a take no prisoners effect. I admire him for taking a stand and blasting out like that. And I've

## THE YEARS WITHOUT ART

ART STRIKE

1990-1993



tried to do that, but I just can't. It sounds kind of stupid when I do it. Like I just did a song about Weird Al on my tape. He's always pissed me off, because, to me, he's always a watered down version of Stan Freeburgh and Spike Jones and a lot of the great satirists from the old days. But, to me, Weird Al is a whore because he's friends with the people he satirizes. Like he uses the same sets that Michael Jackson used in his video. And it seems to me that he's the kind of guy that has one or two decent ideas, but then his fame is just completely overblown compared to the stuff that he's actually doing. So I thought, "Yeh, I'm gonna be politically aware and do this song about Weird Al and really show him for the whore that he is!" But once the song was done, it really seemed kind of silly; and people go, "Why are you getting so worked-up about Weird Al? You're so angry in the song...." And now when I listen to it, it starts out okay, but then it just kind of turns into name-calling in the end. And I think to myself, "Well, this is really not the kind of thing I should do. I'm just really not able to express myself in that way. It just becomes so petty." And once the song was done, I thought, "Well, I guess there's more important things to worry about than Weird Al."

*Yeh, like girls, huh?*

*[laughter]*

*What current projects are you working on?*

I've always had this dream of doing a double cassette, and this time I'm really going to try to actually pull it off. The problem always is that I never really have enough good material for a double cassette-- or even for a single cassette. There's always just one or two songs that I kind of wish weren't in there. But they get back in just by default. This time I think I'm gonna pull it off, because I'm going to do a lot of cover versions of other home-tape stuff. I'm gonna do maybe three Don Campau songs and something by Cowtown and a couple other people that I can't remember right at the moment. Also, because of the longer format, I'm gonna stretch out a little bit and not have the songs all be so short. And also I have just shitloads of jams and phonecalls and stuff that I'm dying to stick in there. And I'm trying to not be in a rush about it. Just go slowly and collect the material.

*You were talking about some tapes that you found in some guy's apartment after he had moved, about all his sexual....*

*Oh, yeh!*

*Are you gonna put that on there?*

*Yeh, Carvell! I sent you the one on the Furgas tape with the whores?*

*Yeh.*

He has a thing where he sings "Piano Roll Blues" or something. First, his Nephew or somebody is singing completely out of tune and also kind of creepy-sounding. And then Carvell comes on and sings it like, "Okay, kid, I'm gonna show you the way it's supposed to be sung." And he sings it pretty well, but it's still rather bizarre to hear him singing; and it's just the vocal with nothing else on the tape, so I'm going to have a lot of fun building up the backgrounds on that and

Don't speak to them, Bertrand,  
they don't go to our church.



having that as the lead vocal.

And then he also had a lot of material that he recorded right off the radio. Like the Watts riots being reported. And he had a thing about LSD, a little mini-documentary: "LSD-- this is an actually hippy on LSD: 'Wow, man, there's colors!'" So there's some great stuff there. And he had a stereo demonstration tape that he got from a store that has some great sound effects on it, with an announcer going, "If you think this is good, just listen to this!" So I'll be able to play with that stuff.

*Sounds like you found a treasure chest or something.*

Yeh! I don't think there's much good sex stuff left, so I'll just leave that stuff out. Plus I've been buying a lot of sound effects CDs. I've found that my CD player is sort of a poor man's sampler, in that if I play something and then push the search button real quick, it will play that section over and over. I've already done one song with a lead vocal that is an army unit out in the fields shouting, "One, two, three, four!" and the Sergeant going, "Huh!" So I sampled that in a way and had that in time with the music I was playing.

*What do like about being involved in cassette culture, as opposed to just passing tapes out*

*to your friends and other people?*

Well, there's something really exciting about getting a tape from somebody and having it actually be as good as something you would buy in a store. I only have a few tapes I feel this way about, but when I get one that I remember or play as many times as I would play like a Captain Beefheart album, and then try to turn other people on to it, that's exciting because you know that there's not that many people out there who have the same tape. It's very special. I must admit that I have a real problem with anything that's really popular. That's probably just as bad a prejudice as people who don't want anything that's alternative. But the more people like something, the less I want to know about it. So cassettes are about as close as you can get to that. And somebody like Daniel Johnston is probably the pinnacle of that, although he's becoming sort of well-known now. His stuff is just so completely bare-- I mean it's just him and a keyboard or him and a guitar. That's what I like about cassette culture-- finding these treasures.

*Have you gotten any cassette chain letters?*

I did that once. I've got a few of them. The problem was that I finally got two tapes at the end of the line, and one of them I already had from Option, and the other one I guess was okay, but it was the same problem as always

in that I have too many tapes. I've really gotten jaded over the four or five years since I started.

*Do you have any ideas about distribution? How do you distribute your tapes? Or do you rely mostly on orders?*

I've actually gotten worse about that. I think, initially, I would always have about twenty people that I would automatically send one too. I would either owe them one, or I would just want them to have a tape. And then Option or Sound Choice would review the tape and I would send one to whoever wrote or wanted it or sent money. Then there'd be a few people that I would hear about that I would want to trade with. And in that way I would end up sending close to 50-60 copies of a single tape out. But I've gotten so lazy about that, that now with my last tape I only hit about twenty, and I'm really not making any effort to get more of them out there. But recently I put together like a greatest hits tape, and I have an ad that will be in the next issue of Option.

*Going big time, huh?*

Well, you saw my ad for "A Real Pretty Rose."

*Yeh.*  
It's kind of fun. It's really an ego kind of thing, 'cos there's no way you're ever gonna make back enough to pay off the cost of the ad with cassettes. I just can't see that happening. It's partly an ego thing and it's partly a way to remind people that you're out there. Because I am so bad about trading, my sources have kind of dried up. And I sort of want people to be aware that I have this material and that it's there, because even though Option's circulation is way up, I get many less responses from the cassette reviews there than I used to. Maybe it's because the cassette reviews section is so far in the back now. I don't think they review any fewer tapes than they used to, it just looks smaller. But that's obviously not where their main thrust is.

*Would you like to hit the big time?*

I have this sort of half-assed plan that I'm supposed to be following-- that I continue to do the music and build up the equipment until it starts to sound semi-professional. And when it hits that point, I think I may try to go the novelty single route. Try not to sell out, but try to get the material of mine that is closest to the mainstream and get it out there and see if anything happens with it. And at the same time that I'm trying to do that, I'm also looking into filmmaking and some other ventures. Ultimately, one thing will lead to another. Like if the music took off, that would help me in my filmmaking or vice versa. The first thing I did recently that was actually outside my own realm was that I did two pieces of music for a friend of mine who did a live show here. Somebody else had written the music, so I was going from sheet music, but it was all my arrangements and recording. It was an effort for me to break out of this thing that I'm doing by myself. It actually drove me crazy to have to do someone else's music, and get it so that somebody else liked it. It took me forever. I

had to do many versions of the stuff. And once it was over, I just felt like doing it never again. That's a reason why didn't get into filmmaking more, it's such a collaborative media and I basically like to work alone-- and this is about as alone as you can get.

*Sounds almost depressing.*

[laughter]

Noll It's wonderful! No one tells you it's shitty. Like, I'll take a ruff mix of a song to my girlfriend who's got very conservative musical tastes compared to mine; and three times now she's said that she doesn't like a vocal on a song. She'll say that she thinks the vocals should be more scary, because I did a song about (this is so embarrassing) a strip joint around here, and the music has a pretty hard driving rock beat and it's got some pretty loud fuzz guitars, and right in the middle of that I stuck this "Green Tambourine" style harmony vocal. So, of course, she goes, "Wait! That doesn't go with the hard-driving rock. Those vocals are too whiny, they're too pretty. You should have a scary vocal in there." And just hearing that will piss me off, 'cos I'll think, "Nol That's not what I'm going for. Don't you understand?" But sometimes I think she's like the voice of the public, and I will compromise a little bit and think that she has a point.

*Do you see cassette culture taking off any more than where it is right now?*

Well, we're in a really weird time, in that the formats are all over the place. DAT is going to come out, and possibly recordable CDs are gonna come out. Cassettes right now are outselling all other formats. It's real strange. When I was recording with John, our dream was to put out a piece of vinyl. This was the ultimate dream. Cassettes were just a temporary thing and they were substandard just by their very existence-- and, at the time, they really were. The first time I actually heard a good stereo cassette player, I couldn't believe how good it sounded because, to me, the format was just a stopgap. But now, the dream of having a record is kind of stupid, because everything sounds so much better on a good chrome cassette. Vinyl has all those pops and clicks and becomes very degraded through the recording process unless you can afford the very best pressing. I've seen some prices for putting out CDs, and there are a couple hometapers who have put out CDs that I know of. And then DATs are coming out and they just might catch on, and if they actually become affordable it doesn't seem like there will be any reason for the standard cassette to exist any more. So I really have no idea where the culture thing is headed.

*Do you see it going with digital then?*

Oh, I think it's going to help everybody because I think it will make everybody's stuff sound that much better. I think it can only help as far as that goes.

*What about as far as acceptance on more of a mass level?*

Well, it's gonna sound better, but I don't know if people are ever gonna listen to anything they're not told is cool. I think things are worse off, in a way, than they ever

were, because-- and Zappa says this better that I could ever say it--people basically use music as a lifestyle augmentation. They really don't listen to be challenged. Like with my girlfriend who listens to Stevie Winwood, who just makes my skin curl; and she'll say, "Oh, I'm sorry! Because it doesn't sound ugly. And isn't something that three people ever listen too. And isn't something that is completely trashy, therefore, it's not good, right?"

*And you say, "Right."*

[laughter]

So it's really not cool for people to listen to this stuff. Like she has a few friends that even "Trouble at the Mutual Admiration Society," they wouldn't even listen to that because it was obviously not something that somebody "cool" put out. It was obviously something that somebody did in their bedroom, and it would not do them any good to have anyone ever know that they had heard my tape. So they just said, "Oh, I can't listen to this," and just took the headphones off.

I have this hope that some people will open up; but I think there's a finite number of those people that are gonna be interested in alternative music. And I don't know how close we are to that number of people. And I also don't know that I would want everybody to like alternative music anyway. Then we would have to have another alternative.

#### **Barbie**

A Barbie-doll walking  
Down a plastic townhouse road  
Her long, plastic hair,  
Glistening in the sun...

A Barbie-doll talking,  
To guests in awe of her beauty,  
Her figure and form,  
Like every Barbie's should be.

A Barbie-doll getting Ken a drink,  
To guests in awe of her beauty,  
Twisted domination,  
And Barbie surrenders.

Ken loves his pretty, plastic doll  
Her fabricated face,  
With acrylic features,  
That painted, immobile smile.

Barbie has a hollow rubber head  
She's animated by little hands,  
That control her every move.  
So happy happy to have Ken.

--Highmights Mo

The distinctive art prints featured on the cover and elsewhere in this issue are by **Wayne Branch**



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Yes, you too can be the subject of a GAJOOB profile. It's easy. It's fun. And it'll fool your acquaintances into thinking that you're actually doing something worthwhile with your life.

So take your Warholian fifteen minutes of fame. Answer the following questions in detail. Here's your chance to launch a personal tirade in an international forum, perhaps.

And please include a photo with your submission (for dashboard purposes).

Thank you.....

*Tailor your answers to fit yourself or your band.*

●Tell us little bit about yourself. Where you were born, or where you grew up, perhaps. Offer some insight. What kinds of things did you like or dislike as a child. How have those likes and dislikes changed? Can you think of something that lead you into recording later on?

●Okay. When did you start recording. Why? How long have you been at it? What do you like about it? What do you hate about it?

●Tell us about your tape releases. Offer some recording anecdotes. Expound on some of your techniques.

●And what exactly motivates you to record? What inspires you to do so?

●What kinds of things do you like to express with your recordings? Have you been successful at it?

●What got you involved in cassette culture? What keeps you interested? What kinds of things would you like to see happen? What should we do to see that it does happen?

●How do you get your tapes out into the world? Do you feel that you've been successful in this? Any ideas on distribution?

●Is there anyone involved in cassette culture whom you admire? If so, why? If not, explain.

●Name some tapes that you like. Why do you like them?

●Parting shots? Speak now, or forever hold your peace.

*Of course, feel free to add any other comments you wish. It's your space-- make it your own!*



# GAJOOB's

*first annual reader's poll*

FROM \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

fill in your top pick for each category  
work done in any year is eligible

## General

Artist/Band \_\_\_\_\_

Tape \_\_\_\_\_

Song \_\_\_\_\_

Distributor \_\_\_\_\_

Composer \_\_\_\_\_

Lyricist \_\_\_\_\_

## Performance

Singer \_\_\_\_\_

Guitarist \_\_\_\_\_

Synth/Keyboard \_\_\_\_\_

Bassist \_\_\_\_\_

Drummer/Prgrmr \_\_\_\_\_

Other Instrument \_\_\_\_\_

Multi-Instrumentalist \_\_\_\_\_

## Other

Most Unique \_\_\_\_\_

Most Influential \_\_\_\_\_

Most Wanted Interview \_\_\_\_\_

Packaging/Cover \_\_\_\_\_

Best Trend \_\_\_\_\_

Worst Trend \_\_\_\_\_

*It's easy!  
Simply copy this form. Fill it out. And send it in.  
You'll get a free GAJOOB sticker in return.  
WOW!!*

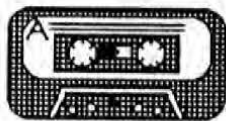
responses must be received by December 1, 1989

one per person

GAJOOB's picks and reader's picks will appear in the next issue  
ain't this fun?

# Tape Reviews

24



"I have never been overly concerned about criticism. The artist must be his most severe critic, since he possesses the ideal standard in abstract. Darius Milhaud told me years ago to ignore what people wrote about my music. What he saw then and I saw later was the uniqueness of each individual." — Thomas Jefferson Anderson, black classical composer

A key to the rating system?

☀ Ultimate

★★★★ A definite must

★★★★ Yes, yes

★★★ What it is, Ichabod

★ Well... you know

★ What time's Mr. Ed on?

☺ Plop plop, flush flush (and flush again)

🎧 3 Men Pissing in the Rain

Excellent recording by this post-pop European band. Crafty rhythm guitar-driven songs, augmented by perfectly offsetting synth lines. The vocals are out front and intelligent. Real drums achieve the well-rounded whole. This tape begins clean and gets progressively more manic until the end. Claus distributes outstanding tapes in the Rock vein, and here's another in which I have yet to be disappointed. Claus Korn, Alte Burgstr. 1, D-9930 Treuchtlingen, WEST GERMANY. 85

🎧 101 crustaceans  
songs of resignation

★★★★ A pleasant little surprise this was/is. An actual tape from the actual Mr. Howard with actual songs by an actual band. You didn't find me shuffling my feet while these magnetic particles were gliding past the capstan. No, sir. What, with the strong, funk-based bass kinetics, the driving and shifting pace of the drums, and the tormented structure of the guitars (with wonderful stereo interplay), how could you possibly do anything but strap on a thin tie, slip on the Beate boots, slick back your hair and drag your best friend, Jerome on the first flight to Hamburg and get tattooed by a thin, sheetwhite-complexioned woman named George, who will have wild-eyed animal sex with Jerome while you discuss Yankee politics with her boyfriend, Klaus, because her love for you will not allow her to kill you with her passion. Jerome will stay behind, selling fluorescent light bulbs on street corners after midnight. And you'll return home to your bassoon and your baseball card collection. Then in a couple years, you'll marry a girl named Georganne, and Jerome (on leave from the monastery) will throw-up in your best-man's Tom Collins. Much to your parents' consternation, you'll name your first child "Kinski," and he'll eventually grow up to live a life of loud desperation and carry a faded Topps 1969-Hank Aaron card in his shirt pocket. At

age 37, he'll inexplicably sell it to a kid named Klaus for bus money, who will trade it to his friend, Jerome, for his dad's Honner harmonica (key of G). And when the young Jerome is 14, he'll run away from home with a girl named Jennifer, never to return. *audiofile Tapes, c/o Carl Howard, 209-25 18 Ave., Bayside, NY 11360.*

🎧 Allen Planescapes  
An Act of Reision

★★1/2 Soundtrack for the impending nuclear winter? Dawn of sub-man? Crack the shades and watch the pavement blossom. It's above-average space music, at any rate—and my rate of exchange just doesn't happen to be very high at the moment. Carl has great liner notes, as always; but the question that most intrigues me concerning this is what time does the watch that Ronald Reagan's wearing on the cover read? Or is he winding it forward 30 years? Or what? *audiofile Tapes, c/o Carl Howard, 209-25 18 Ave., Bayside, NY 11360. 86*

🎧 Allegory Chapel Ltd.  
Confirmation

★★ Good sampling-keyboard (sounds a lot like a Korg DSSI) occupies a lot of this tape, which starts off with a feeling of a lunar chapel which degenerates into a nice noise experiment piece. But then the rest of the tape doesn't seem to ever fall into anything. It's an approach that never lands. Stumbling majesties. Maybe that's the whole point, however. *Sound of Pig Music, c/o Al Margolis, PO Box 150022, Van Brunt Station, Brooklyn, NY 11215-0001.*

🎧 Arthur-Jay  
Original Bayou "Country"

★★ The insert says, "Arthur-Jay presents his 'original' bayou 'country' songs & sound. An album of true-to-life stories/songs—like no one else can sing/write." Well, the sound may be bayou, but there ain't nothin' original about it. Imagine your grandpa strumming a guitar and singing songs he wrote or heard when he was young, and then back that up with some very typical yet untalented country musicians (complete with a steel guitar, unfamiliar with the concept of subtle phrasing), and you've pretty much got this tape. Really rather endearing, as far as that sort of thing goes—but then, it doesn't stray too far. *Angel Records, PO Box 2544, Baton Rouge, LA 70821.*

🎧 Artifact Collective Audio  
compilation

★★★7/8 Poetry, which is at times graphic, stirring and funny. The first piece sets an excellent introduction to the works that follow. Some of the poets are backed by improvised type music, and some are not. All these works show a depth of experience and a conviction to the art. There's also a guitar-noise excursion to round out the material. Of course, Jake Berry enthalls you with wordplay that's somehow succinct at the same time. "More Doog," by Mike Miskowski was very laugh-provoking in its use of a nonsense word to describe many different things. My favorite piece was John Bennett & Byron Smith's "Fan." Full of images performed to perfection. *84, Jake Berry, 2251 Helton Dr., #7, Florence, AL 35630.*

🎧 Jake Berry  
Diaspora

★ Consisting of an A-side of delay-loop keyboard figures imitating the cycles of machinery, and a B-side of a delay-looped rubbery bass figure with noodling synthetic piano and other synthetic sounds with radio dial manipulations. "spora" is the Greek term for "seed" capable of giving rise to a new individual. "Dia-" could mean the interaction of two seeds. With this work, Mr. Berry might possibly be expressing an era on the threshold of change, by juxtaposing a stagnant machine-age against the voices of a country looking for new hope. Or maybe this tape was named simply from the fact that there are two works, each divided into two pieces. I don't know. The simplicity here, for me, was not intriguing for the whole period of time. It left me with a feeling of myopic weariness. Somewhat akin to the way you feel after getting out of a swimming pool after several hours and finding you've misplaced your glasses. *84 Chrome/83 Normal, Plutonium Press, PO Box 61564, Phoenix, AZ 85082.*

🎧 Bite the Wax Tadpole®  
Between You, Me, and the Lamprey

★★★★ Very performance-oriented poetic pieces with instrumental backing which is at times improvised and at times not. Several cuts on side one have a very deep funk feel. But even with the poetic vocals and the improvisatory nature of the instrumental backing, these pieces have a definite song-structure attitude about them. "Tightening the Screws" shows perfection in performance poetry (as do many of the cuts on side-one, being the first-person introduction from a man who "cleans his ears with a cattle-prod," etc. "Let Everything Equal Zero" applies mathematical equations to people and their environment. "Dream Baby Head Sale" is a wonderful little found phrase manipulation. Side two is completely improvised, with no overdubs. It doesn't pack the lyrical wallop or musical charisma that side one does, but it's performed by some quite able improvisors. It never succumbs to one for one, all for none free form, and it carries a lot of intriguing sounds. Very good, as far as sound improvising goes. Anyone into performance poetry should definitely check out side one. It's as good as it gets. And for those of you who aren't, this might very well change your mind. *Sound of Pig Music, c/o Al Margolis, PO Box 150022, Van Brunt Station, Brooklyn, NY 11215-0001.*

🎧 Black Ritual  
Encroached Upon

★★★★ Easily the best hardcore/metal tape I have. Hardcore has a bad reputation of spewing forth a lot of garb (performance-wise and sound-wise) tapes. But you can just forget about that here. The guitars of Brian McLaughlin and Dan Bires not only possess bite, they have the muscle to rip out some mighty big chunks of flesh and bone. Dan Bires' vocals are featured prominently, and his performance, his core-growl and metal-ish waver realizes true perfection at many points throughout this tape. This is one tape where the engineers deserve special notice, especially when it comes to the drums. Joe Mellon's drum playing is frenetic and and at the mark, while employing the limits of the whole set. Excellent, excellent drum work which the very well thought-out arrangements demand—and get, with a lot of something to spare. I'm sorry if I appear to be bandwagoning,

here, but this tape deserves some attention!!

c/o Joe Mallon, 428 Eden Park Blvd.,  
McKeesport, PA 15132. \$5

**body without organs**  
black sun

★★  
Mostly live, mostly improvisations around a fairly well-defined center with Carl Howard on electronics, Richard Behrens on bass and voice, William Breeze on viola and Amaury Perez on guitars and drums. The best cuts are those which employ Breeze's viola, simply because that's what makes this tape stand out from lots of other musical toying that, after all is said and done, is very much similar. There's some fairly decent found recordings on the final cut, but alas... audiophile Tapes, c/o Carl Howard, 209-25 18 Ave., Bayside, NY 11360. \$6

**Bonfire in the Boneway**  
Radio Series, Parts 1-6

★★★★  
Professionally produced radio series by Marlon Michaels which focuses on independent music and its artists via songs and interviews. There is also an interview or two with fanzine folks. And the interviews, while simple snippets, cover a lot of ground over the course of the series; from general philosophies to licensing to distribution problems, etc. These tapes come two parts per tape. Parts 1 & 2 have Variant Cause, Lauri Paisley, Mother Tongue, The fluid, Daver, Darren Copeland, Lee Sanders and Cellophane. Parts 3 & 4 contain The Wild Stares, Cal (Iac), Theatre of Ice, Bartles, Area, Digital Sex and Priam's Neighbors. Parts 5 & 6 give us Willie Loco Alexander, The Procession, Ditto, Gelatinous Citizen, Varian Cause, Joe Christ & the Healing Faith and The Sarcastics. A note on one of the cassette's liner notes says it all: "We never claimed that these bands/artists were the best of the independent scene. We threw out the net and this is what we caught. Radio is dead and gone... and we're just poking it with a stick. Thanks to all the radio people who saw things our way. Thanks to you who bought this show on cassette. (Just imagine how interesting it'll be in 20 years.)" c/o Evlos Empire Productions, PO Box 6904, E. Grand Rapids, MI 49516.

**Louis Boone**  
Church of the Insane

★★★5/8  
This tape features Reginald Taylor on bass, guitar, keyboards and devices; and Louis Boone on keyboards, guitar, flute and devices. That's all we're privileged as far as liner notes are concerned, so Carl must think the music speaks for itself. And you know what? It does. Improvised pieces based on construction. Guitar is the main character here. Not that it steals the stage lights and shines them in your face or anything—they're just the main focus. I like the way the arrangements are allowed to mingle, fuse and join together; threatening to tear asunder at any given moment, while sometimes doing just that. Improvisation would be well-advised to take note of this. audiophile Tapes, c/o Carl Howard, 209-25 18 Ave., Bayside, NY 11360. \$7

**The Brain Pain Sampler**

★★★★  
This tape was put together by Cameron Craig just before he left Australia in May of this year. It's comprised of 60-minutes of new Australian independent music. The bands included are: The Hybrid, The Waxworks, Pyrote, Stone Circus, The Wild, Toxic Vomit, Clowns Smiling Backwards, As Black As, The Sometimes, Fifth Column, Purple Hearts, The Internationalists,

Lamington Club, Hit n' Run, and Bull in a China Shop. And it's loaded with very excellent songs in the Hoodoo Guru-type rock n' roll that seems to be popular right now among independent types. If you like tight rock songs with a good dose of energy—you'll like this tape. \$7, Cameron Craig, 1678 Grove St. #3, San Francisco, CA 94117.

**Bush Tetras**  
Beller Late Than Never

★★★★  
Great rock stuff, using those cool defective-type augmented chords. According to the insert, Musician Magazine calls it "...arty, dissonant ultrafunk..." I guess so. All I know is that I like it. The Bush Tetras were one of those popular New York club bands that, in their brief 3-year existence, were forever seeming to be just on the brink of stardom or greatness—or both. Critic's darlings, opening shows for the Clash—I imagine it must have felt like oysters everywhere. But suddenly the Tetras' love-hate relationship with themselves and the world in general evidently swung a little to far towards "hate," for they dissolved in very short order. This tape contains recordings from all but one of their EPs/singles (no album was released). A great documentary of an excellent and intriguing band. \$8-ROIR, 611 Broadway, Suite 411, NY, NY 10012.

**Buzzcocks**  
Lest We Forget

★★★  
Pretty decent live documentation of the Buzzcocks. The sound quality of these recordings ranges from very good to only fair. The band plays in a back to basics rock style that began gaining popularity around the time they gave up the proverbial ghost. A must have for any lingering fans of the band; and not necessarily for completists only. \$8-ROIR, 611 Broadway, Suite 411, NY, NY 10012.

**Cancerous Growth**  
One For the Pod.

★★  
This is a mail collaboration between Chris Phinney and Michael Jackson. Side one is basically space explorations which flirt with harshness at times, while side two employs voice snippets and more sound sculpture. Not a bad tape, really, but you wouldn't believe how many tapes I have that sound almost exactly like this, and covering the same turf too. Xkuzeban Sound, c/o Michael Jackson, State House PO Box 207, Boston, MA 02133.

**Cancerous Growth**  
Desecration & Fornication

★★★1/4  
This tape employs the same style as the one reviewed above, but with a harsher feel to it. This one worked better for me for some reason. A live improv, these chaps really go with the harshness theme, ringing whatever they can from its scab-crusted throat. Turn out the lights and revel in your depravity. Barah Reality Music, PO Box 241661, Memphis, TN 38124-1661. \$7

**Chazz**  
A Time To Dream

★★★★  
Make Happy

★★★5/8  
A Time To Dream is Chazz's debut release. It is quite dreamy, often using nature sounds as a backdrop on which to weave a sort of sonic candy, employing acoustic guitars, flutes, bells, chimes, choirs, pianos and harps. This tape has quite an improvisational nature. Make Happy takes off where Dream left off. Improvisation is still evident, however, Chazz uses this mostly as

introduction to pieces that have more of a structure to them than his first tape. Drums even come into play here, giving a couple of the pieces a rollicking drive. Chazz's consciousness is very much born of the new age attitude. To quote: "Feed your soul something very beautiful, and the results will be infinite and limitless." Myatic Music, Route 1, Box 400, Yukon Rd., Telford, TN 38488; (615) 425-6420 or (800) 542-8913 (outside TN).

**Cheapskaters**  
There's Nowhere to Go  
Where Publim is Stored

★★1/2  
The song, "Nothing's Sacred" seems to summarize the general theme behind most of the songs on these tapes, and also the general attitude of this band:

*show me a grave i'll defecate on it  
dig up shakespeare and burn his sonnets  
attend a funeral and dress real gaudy  
make some noise and insult the body  
go to the morgue and pick out a young brum  
i.d. him as the police chief's son  
at the cemetery dance with the dead  
play some soccer with the marrow's head*

*nothing is sacred nothing is immune  
nothing's untouched or hidden from view  
nothing escapes my victim's wit  
life laughs at me and i laugh at it*

*pay no attention to the senile pope  
he can't tell his dick from rope  
burn down churches and synagogues too  
christ doesn't give a fuck about you  
nailed up two thousand years ago  
just because he didn't pay his ho  
god's a giant stinky wad of cum  
shot from the balls of jerusalem*

*honesty's a pot of boiling health shit  
it's not too bad until you serve it  
being an idealist is fine with me  
if you're deaf dumb and can not see  
love's alright but it has its faults too  
like a lover who won't swallow your glue  
if you're filled with intellectual pride  
go philosophize on a space shuttle ride*

©1986 Latitude Music

These songs are filled with anger and cynical humor, usually shouted with acoustic guitar/drums backing up very low in the mix. I think if these guys took some time with the recording process (sound-wise at least—the performances are good as they are) and made the instruments bite as hard as the vocals, they would definitely have a powerful piece of work here. Jeff Jarvie, 750-119 North, Indiana, PA 15701.

**the chimes**  
still

★★★3/4  
Very good post-modern rock band from Ohio, somewhat akin to a simpler, more straightforward XTC. Vocalist and guitarist, Meade Thompson has a nice melodic sense which carries these songs along beautifully. Mixed with subtlety and not a little power with lyrics that possess a touch of evasiveness. The rhythm section of Bob Mackay on bass and Mike Witmore on drums anchors these strong song-structured songs. Very good. 224 Ohio Street, Elyria, OH 44035.



**Michael Chocholak**  
Subterranean Rage

\*\*\*\*  
Written and performed by Michael, this tape has an incidental soundtrack feel to it. Conception and execution are grasped onto with sweaty hands, shoved into the pockets of some abyss to wander conscious and aware of danger in the tiniest of creatures. Hinges caked in the rust borne from the breath of a thousand heartless harbingers of fear will cry as their doors open and close with a growled whisper of temptation. Forboding acceptance will clutch at your whimpering feet while you move along the circular catwalks of a cave in some sinister cartoonist's dream, reducing your every cherished emotion to mere caricatures of human frailty and doom. Unseen demons will chuckle mercilessly while the venom of lizard kings and queens slithers slowly, seeping into the cracked terror of your helplessly tattooed features. Then, hopeless terror will overcome you, and you'll twirl madly in a spouting fit of childlike rage—only to collapse in a heap of spinster resignation. There's no turning back. **M & H Music, PO Box 38, Cove, OR 97824. \$7**

**CHODA**  
MaGrog

\*\*\*\*  
Begins with some computer lingo—two tracks, one distorted. The next piece has a harmonica plaintively whispering on top of the shaking of steel sheets. The next piece has a vocal line I can't explain, over a sort of muffled bass. Steel percussion returns for the next piece with a bass lingering in and out of the background. Then there is a piece which features distorted guitar which sounds like it's being played by tapping on the strings instead of picking; no, maybe there's two guitars, one tapped and one not. As you can see, CHODA keep it fairly simple. However, they manage to keep it interesting. Towards the end of the first side there's a nice piano with a vocal line heavy on the philosophy, "Life is jello, so it goes; gravity sucks, entropy blows." **c/o James, PO Box 8124, Moscow, ID 83843.**

**city of worms**  
cumnans

\*\*\*\*  
Another fair entry in the barrage-of-subdued-noise genre. Jeff Jerman of Big Body Parts is the head worm, I guess. Side one was recorded live at the Azilan Theatre in Denver, Colorado, July 4, 1987. Side two comprises recordings made in July-August of the same year. Nice, humming underpinnings with snatches of sound escaping now and then. Just didn't move me all that much. **Sound of Pig Music, c/o Al Margolis, PO Box 150022, Van Brunt Station, Brooklyn, NY 11215-0001. \$5**

**Ken Clinger**  
Hullo, Is Your Refrigerator Running?

☼  
This is a compilation of Al Margolis' select tracks from the Ken Clinger catalog. It reminds me of Dali fixated on cows rather than clocks. Songs about fantastic, yet simple images. Little keyboards occupy Bach-like refrains which linger around half-step stairways that lead to future yesterdays. I can't say enough about this tape. I'm tempted to call it "genius," so I will. **Sound of Pig Music, c/o Al Margolis, PO Box 150022, Van Brunt Station, Brooklyn, NY 11215-0001.**

**The Bud Collins Trio**  
Kongsoontorncharden

\*\*\*\*\*  
This band never ceases to amaze me. The guitar-work sizzles. The drums and percussion cracks and sings. Really. And I doubt whether you can find a better recorded independent tape anywhere. The compositions (and all these songs qualify as true compositions) are littered with varied time-signatures and nimble guitar lines executed flawlessly. The five Collins' style embraces jazz, reggae, funk and hard rock and combines them all into one. Give your ears a treat. Give your feet something to tear into. And try not to slobber all over yourself when you become helplessly delirious with the awe these guys will inspire. **Chris Duane, 50 Thompson Rd., North Franklin, CT 06254.**

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**Nicolas Collins/Robert Poss**  
Inverse Guitar

\*\*\*\*  
This tape jabs some very intriguing stabs into the possibilities of guitar. Poss handles the task, and pulls out a few rabbits in the process. This is actually his show, if you ask me, with Collins providing a foundation of effects (the best sounding samples I've yet to hear on an independent tape, I might add) on side one. Side two was recorded as part of Poss' 1987 Artist-In-Residency at Pass/Harvestworks. The groundbreaking that might be fueled by such an assignment is evident here. A very interesting work. **Trace Elements Records, 172 E. 4th St., #110, NY, NY 10009.**

**Mike Conway**  
Arid

\*\*\*\*\*1/2  
Mike Conway performs excellent synth-based rock/funk. Reminds me of Prince at several points, with it's minimal keyboard phrasings in just the right place to support the groove. Conway's voice is superb, ranging from monotone delivery to crooning to just your basic rock'n'roll punch delivery. Occasionally a sax or a lead guitar will jump into the act, executed to perfection. It wouldn't surprise me if this was recorded on 24-track, but Angel Records' copy is disappointing at spots when it loses some high end. A very pleasant surprise, coming from this label. **Angel Records, PO Box 2544, Baton Rouge, LA 70821.**

**Crash-N-Burn**

\*\*\*\*\*1/2  
Wait a sec... Let me catch my breath! I can guarantee you that this will definitely be the most worthwhile \$2(!) you'll ever spend. This tape exists somewhere within the rock/rap/funk/jazz mode— and somehow captures all three (or was that four?) with equal aplomb. My, oh, my— what a ride. Lots of searing, close-your-eyes-and-wail guitar work. And arrangements that grab big handfuls of balls and skip 'em 'cross that lake— rockin' your boat, big time. Greg Freeman's recording of Parry Wolf's drums will slap you upside the head and laugh at your delirium too. Dig this, man! **John Saunders, 1724 Mission Avenue, St., San Francisco, CA 94103.**

**Mike Crooker**  
Classified

\*\*\*\*  
Excellent sounding synthesizer explorations with more of a constructed feel to it than most in the same category. One of the cuts contains a library telephone answering machine with its after-hours message and a recording of the library catalog categories, around which, Crooker weaves his excellent synthesizer work. A couple percussion based pieces round out the tape, but it was the orchestral feel to the keyboard pieces that held the most interest here. **GGE Records, PO Box 5088, Kent, OH 44240; (216) 673-6196.**

**Da Neighbors**  
I almost got killed

\*\*\*\*  
This is a local Salt Lake band that's been kicking around the alternative venues for some years now in spite of their youth. Mike Graves, singer/songwriter, graces these songs with a depth that somehow remains elusive. The boys' playing experience is readily apparent, tight song structures that still manage to catch that rabbit-of-abandon and chew it to pieces with frantic chord slashes, liquid phrasings, controlled yet kinetic drumming and succinct



(both melodically and rhythmically) bass playing. Perhaps their style could be described as somewhat of an offshoot of post-modern rock (REM, Hoodoo Gurus, etc.), but with this tape, Da Neighbors break a lot of new ground, staking claim to some musical territory all their own. I highly recommend this, guys and gals. Dave Liskam, 1489 E. Spring Leaf Dr., Holladay, UT 84117.

#### ⚡ **Dagger Killer Comp. Vol. 2**

★★★★★  
Outstanding comp tape which features artists from the U.S. and Europe. I guess most of these bands are Punk, taking their cues from The Ramones. Most of these cuts have very healthy doses of 50s and 60s rock influences. *Raid* even covers "Lucy in the Sky" and pulls it off, dammit! This is all great stuff. Oh, by the way, the bands are: SVOE, Ultima Thule II, Organ Donors, Marshmellow Overcoat, EELS, Sumpf Papst, Johnny Stomachpump and The Village Idiots, Vagabonds, The Lupins, *Raid*, Sanity Assassins, The Motorbeats, Humidifier, The Weeds, No Use For a Name, Cruel, The Ultra 5, The Sporting Bachelors, Leigh Gregory, and Autonomy. There's one song on this tape with a vocal chorus sort of in line with the one in The Wizard of Oz, when the soldiers are marching in front of the witch's castle. Different melody, but same type of thing. Literally blew me away! Get this. *Dagger Tapes*, PO Box 18152, East Hartford, CT 06118.

#### ⚡ **Daniel** Excerpts From Nightshade

★★★★★  
Three songs which, I take it, are from a real tape called "Nightshade." Well, I wish I could have gotten the real thing, 'cos this is too good to be satisfied with a tease. This is unique. Simple guitar chord progressions with spoken/sung vocals, employing truly wonderful phrasing with both. Heavy with atmosphere in sort of a shady, ephemeral fashion. More! *Ink House*, 3055 W. 7th Ave., Vancouver, B.C., V6K 1Z7, CANADA.

#### ⚡ **Deafbranch** anathra

★★★  
This reminds me a lot of the music in *Eraserhead*. The mood here is created with an eerie synthetic machinery moan. Modulated vocals of laughter and whispered/shouted/spoken phrases-- mostly unintelligible--come and go. Excluding a couple pieces on side 2, this tape strikes me as one complete work-- even though they list nine different song titles inside the cover. The sound quality is excellent. There's a ghost inside this machine, and I don't think it's human. *Skidley*, 1471 Redwood Dr., Santa Cruz, CA 95060 USA. \$5 or trade.

#### ⚡ **Devil Dog** Serve the Sun

★★★★★  
Very good recording on a PortaOne of a basic guitar lineup. All the instruments are clear. Vocals have equal parity with the instruments ala R.E.M., but lyrics are provided so they're not muffled in the mix. Elliot Warren's bass occupies a firm base that also offers melody. Ron Nachmann's drumming is appropriately frantic. The rhythm section allows Phi Lollar's guitars to jump around-- and jump, they do. Anne Hackel gives some female vocal interplay with the boys on some cuts. This tape moves! \$4, c/o *Rainin'House*, PO Box 1452, Santa Cruz, CA 95061.

#### ⚡ **Dino DiMuro & Tom Furgas** Furglofish

★★★★1/2  
A mail collaboration with Furgas on keyboards and DiMuro on guitars and vocals. There's a sex tape romp. "Drug Abuse Problems of the Stars" features a mirror-percussion break! The piece about a house possessed by a pig sounds like a Ken Clinger piece-- very good. There's an amazing versatility here. A toy keyboard romp followed by a banjo/electric guitar solo acid piece. Take notes! \$5, *DiMurotapes*, 578 N. Grover St., Los Angeles, CA 90004.

#### ⚡ **Dino DiMuro** A Real Pretty Rose

Ⓢ  
Another blaring example of why Dino DiMuro is one of my favorite cassette artists. He can go from classical to country to acid rock all within the same song. He uses found voices not merely as an effect, but within the context of the piece. This tape is heavy with guitars, and they mesh so beautifully! And Dino is a master of vocal speed manipulation. I think I'll start a Dino DiMuro fanclub. \$5, *DiMurotapes*, 578 N. Grover St., Los Angeles, CA 90004.

#### ⚡ **Dino DiMuro** I'll Be Good

Ⓢ  
This tape is truly amazing. There's something here for everyone, yet it flows from cut to cut. Guitar interplay. Keyboard orchestrations. Found-sound adeptly interspersed with a conscious purpose. Altered-speed vocals and characterizations done not with the effect of simple novelty, but with attention to the needs of each particular song. Many songs have jarringly differing stop-and-go styles. And there seems to be a theme throughout the tape about men/women relationships-- sometimes a "me against them" focus, sometimes a "God, I'm so stupid" focus. Listening to this tape has really inspired me to further recording exploration, which is just about the best thing you can say about an independent cassette release, isn't it? \$5, *DiMurotapes*, 578 N. Grover St., Los Angeles, CA 90004.

#### ⚡ **Disturbed** Disturbing the Peace '87/'88/'89

★★★★★  
With song titles like "Comatose," "Brain Deth," "Harder/Faster" and "Die, Die, Die!" I'm pretty sure you get the idea that this band's hardcore/metal attack has a definite take-no-prisoners philosophy. Overdose's vocals are the ultimate hardcore growl. And The Root Of All Evil's guitars thrash about with not a little melody and harmony that is uncommon and wonderful to hear in this arena. Of course, Young N. Dumb's "thunder and fireworks" and C.G. Belchin's "Bottom End Assault" is just that. Excellent tape. PO Box 6001, Minneapolis, MN 55406.

#### ⚡ **Drew Dobbs** Sophisticated Savage

★★★  
The instrumentals here are constructed mostly around simple figures. Mr. Dobbs employs excellent arrangement technique which avoids the boredom of minimalism. Effective wildlife sounds on a few cuts. My favorite cut is "Love and Romance" which features *Lost in Space* excerpts that are quite humorous. *Sound of Pig Music*, c/o Al Margolis, PO Box 150022, Van Brunt Station, Brooklyn, NY 11215-0001. \$4

#### ⚡ **Dreamstate** compilation tape

★★★  
I think it's a good idea: have different people talk about dreams while some incidental music or something is going on behind it. The majority sounded like it was written out-- well-written, at that. I liked the landscape of molten marshmellow imagery on one cut. And there's that sort of imagery scattered throughout, of course. The persons listed on the insert are: Nick, Mike Crooker, Dwain Woodruff, Ken Clinger, Eric Muhs, Joe Newman, Darrell Draeger, Dan Fioretti, Andi Xport, Heather Perkins, Don Campau, Ken Hunt, Kevyn Dymond, Mark Saucier and R. Michael Torrey-- lots of big-name cassette people. And they serve the theme very well, I might add. *Lonely Whistle Music*, c/o Don Campau, PO Box 23952, San Jose, CA 95153. \$5



**d'Zold**  
**SWIRL**

★ This is well-done. But I've heard this a hundred times before. It's not that I don't like space ship movie sounds (ala Alien). No, it's not that. And a lot of care and effort is definitely apparent in this work, so if you like that sort of thing you'll probably like this. But if you're going to feed me something that's already been digested once or twice before, at least don't make it taste like it has. Fool me. Add something. At least, make it your own. Bring some new characters into play. Juxtapose some strange scenery. Twist my logic a little. I don't know, just do something with it—don't let it come out unhindered. There is some voice stuff later on in this work that shows some promise towards this sort of end. Perhaps.... **Volat, 267 Averill Ave., Rochester, NY 14620.**

**Ebb-Tide Presents**

**1/2**  
Wait a minute. Let me find a mirror.... Well, maybe I do look stupid; but if this tape wasn't just taken from an old, shitty record.... I heard vinyl popping—I cannot tell a lie. And this sounds like one of those you hope no one notices in your collection. It's like a heartfelt ode to Barbara Bush ("And she had pearls 'round her neck/oh, my heck/oh, my heck") or something. And then, to add insult to painful injury, they stick some God-awful disco songs (bad disco, I might add) at the end of the tape. Well, actually there is one song that passed the Porcelain Test— but just barely dammit! **Angel Records, PO Box 2544, Baton Rouge, LA 70821.**

**Eel O./Mortuary Attendant**  
**Noise From Nowhere**

★★★  
A split-cassette featuring two artists on New Flesh Tapes' roster. Both seem to have a mutual motivation, that being to create noise works with structure, bordering on "songs." Each of these pieces has a flow which reveals forthright behind the process. Both artists use tones mixed with noise spurts, and an excellent use of the stereo picture. Very much one of the best "noise" tapes I've yet to hear. **New Flesh Tapes, 2837 NW 66th St., Oklahoma City, OK 73116.**

**The Eviscerators**  
**The Eviscerators**  
**Time For Go To Bed**

★★  
These are songs that are strongly based on the words. The instruments are mainly acoustic or thrash-type-electric guitar strumming with simple backing drum (real drums) beats. There are some fitting guitar lines thrown in very occasionally, but this really starts to drag, musically. Lyrically, it's another story— sort of. "A Nice Pair" is about Linda Blair for president: "Who needs a pencil head who studied the law/when we can have a goddess who's too big for her bra?" "Breakneck Pacemaker" is another fast cars and women song: "I got four-on-the-floor and four in the bath/I learned about legs, not about math." "Corpsefucker" is about what its name implies: "But she rejected me, I can't be calmed/She said: Maybe someday after you've been embalm'd." "Nazis in Disguise": "As you pull into the mall with 'niggerbeater II'/Your swastika's showing as you put in a chew." "She Demons": "A woman's place is on her knees/Not at Hickory Farms shopping for cheese/A wife is just another kind of whore/It takes a real woman to eat eggs off of the floor." "Flee From Fornication": "America to me is 25-inches wide/Is it a girl or a TV? You decide." "Rush to Judgement": "Rush to

judgement, rush to the altar/As your puppet goes up watch your judgement falter." "Make Them Die Slowly": "Make them die slowly, make them die soon/Words are my weapons and it's high noon." "Big Business": "Open your mouth for big business/Open your pants for big business/Close your mind for big business/Close your mouth for big business." "A Major Malfunction": "I'm only a man who wears cheap glasses/And writes songs about chicks with asses." And so it goes.... **Jeff Jarvis, 750-119 North, Indiana, PA 15701.**

**Fire in the Kitchen**

★★★★1/2  
Bob Bannister's Fire in the Kitchen is steeped in funk, hard rock and possessing a bit of the quirkiness of new wave. The five songs on this tape will leap out and grab you by the hair, wrench open your eyes and point you in the right direction. The arrangements and sheer technical dexterity will cause you to stutter, "W-W-Wow!!" Well, I did anyway. Powerful guitars played by Mr. Bannister and Don Eklund. And they do play! Dave Reddy plays a succinct bass, and Robert Dennis' drums threaten to leap out your car window and challenge you to a race. Very hot band. Very hot tape. c/o Bob Bannister, 230 W. 105th St. #5C, NY, NY 10025.

**Nyle Frank**  
**Theme From Hickory Hollow**

★★★  
Piano interpretations of mostly standard piano fare. "Interpretation" is the key word here. Nyle has a very nice feel for piano, which occupies these songs and breathes a certain tangible life into each one. Nice stuff. **#9, Centipede Productions, PO Box 121832, Nashville, TN 37212.**

**Das Freie Orchester**

★★★★7/8  
Imagine an undisciplined set of disciplined musicians backing a German girl with an inexplicable fear of microphones. Jazz-type new-wave-ish kind of interludes with occasional singing and more than occasional German sprechening. This has a very odd off-beat 11 o'clock feel to it. With a chorus or two thrown onto an abandoned chair. Kind of like you feel when you fall asleep in a barber's chair and wake up in the back room of a Hungarian brothel outside of Sidney, with no shoes or underwear— and you think your name is Darrell, but you're not sure. You know what I mean, Jules? **audiofile Tapes, c/o Cecil Roward, 209-25 18 Ave., Bayside, NY 11360.**

**Tom Furgas**  
**April 23, 1999**

★★★★5/8  
This is a one-of-a-kind tape. Even Tom doesn't have a copy now that he's sent it to me. Pretty strange idea, but I'm not really complaining. There's some really good stuff on here. I especially liked the classical pieces. Tom interweaves a lot of different styles of recording with this guy telling you to just let go of your hatred, your anger, your pain.... **1840 Paley Rd. #3, Youngstown, OH 44521.**

**GENCH**  
**1988**

★★★★3/8  
This has a very fat sound to it. Probably due to all the bass (guitar, keyboards, loops and more loops). It's not muddy, however. The pieces here are mostly electronic-improvisational in nature, but at times they fall into a flow, only to step back from it and approach it from a

different angle— and it somehow succeeds. The insert notes that this is "live improvisation brought to you in small group clusters." I guess that means that the nine musicians cited don't all appear at once, and there's a certain simplicity that belies this in these pieces (or this piece). Actually, I wouldn't mind seeing how a more frenzied approach would fair in their hands. But as it stands, I like this well enough. **Xkurshan Sound, c/o Michael Jackson, State House PO Box 207, Boston, MA 02133.**

**Mike Greenwood**  
**Sings Gospel**

©  
This is a joke, right? Actually there are a couple radio stations here that play this kind of thing all day long. So I guess I'm not laughing too heartily. That's one of the very reasons we so lovingly refer to living in Utah as living behind the Zion Curtain. So what exactly is it, Bryan? Oh, yes, of course— it's "Christian Music." But this person's viewpoint of Christianity is so banal and vapid and anti-life it makes me want to scream. I'm just going to move on— this depresses me too much. **Angel Records, PO Box 2544, Baton Rouge, LA 70821.**

**Gregorian George**  
**In Phase Shift Reality**  
**The Aluminum Bible**

★★★  
These tapes fall within the loosely defined category of electroacoustic sound collage experimentation. A lot of the usual array of sound sources come into play here, but there's an unusual attention to detail which lifts it above others in the same field. These pieces exist on their own terms, unconcerned with any real need for linear progression, sometimes they seem to flounder around without a purpose. A character trait, if you ask me. **Violent Glass Oracle Tapes, 6230 Lewis Ave., Lot 105, Temperance, MI 48182. #6**

**Groovy Like a Pig**  
**Meat the Pigs**

★★★★5/8  
I'll call this Beat Country. Plucked guitars and wonderfully polyphonic saxophones swirl around a vocalist who reminds me of what Gordon Gano might sound like having fun. And these people are definitely having a great time, yet this tape is nowhere near frivolous. Songs borne of small town stagnation and cynicism, and living with it all (but not accepting it). Good tape for a Saturday afternoon of Parchesi and hullofrogs. I don't know what that means either, but I like this tape so much I don't care. **#3, Shattered Wig Productions, 3322 Greenmount Ave., Baltimore, MD 21218.**

**Harmony in Your Head**  
**compilation**

★★★★1/2  
This is a compilation tape put together by Tim Albarn of *Incite!* It's apparent to me that that zine is borne simply out of the love of doing it— and this tape gives me the same feeling. Bands represented are: High Risk Group, Some Velvet Sidewalk, Ed's Redeeming Qualities, Linda Smith and X-tal. I must say that X-tal just blew me away. Their singer sings verses picture-Lou Reed, with the lyrical depth to match; and choruses leap out with strong hooks you just can't help singing along too. Brand me a fan, I guess. But this whole tape is full of excellent people with excellent songs. I'll be playing it again and again. Also includes a handy contact insert (and it will certainly come in handy 'cos you'll definitely be wanting to get your hands on



some more of this stuff). \$4 ppd., Tim Alborn, PO Box 649, Cambridge, MA 02238.

# **Ⓢ Hazardous Waste Vol. 1**

★★★1/2

When the first cut, Fish Karma's "Die Like a Dog" comes on, this tape has you down—and it never lets you up. It's a compilation of sorts, being several cuts from Fish Karma, Hellfire, Al Perry, Johnnies, Elvin (something), Mutant Swamp Thing, Shiva Rob Pop(?), D Cell, Cattle, Droning Headaches and Fred North's Microchip Ensemble. The ever-distinguished Mr. Al Perry has a hand in most of these projects. I loved Fish Karma's in-er-face humor, with songs like "Lunch With the Devil" and "Swap Meet Women." It's humor that includes a bit of commentary and insightful observation. Cattle's two cuts are standouts, "El Con Kalo" being sort of a Spanish Cowboy Instrumental romp and "Please" being a very substantial country-rockish love song. **Add'l** Recordings, PO Box 40421, Tucson, AZ 85717.

# **Ⓢ Hellcats**

Electric O.D.

★★★★

Excellent hard rock. Very tight, well-executed songs with some great harmonies on the choruses. Two cuts were recorded in a studio, while the rest were recorded in the "fucking cellar" in which they practice. While these guys are obviously headed towards the commercial arena, this tape gave me the impression that above anything else, they're having a hell of a lot of fun doing what they do. "The Girl's Got Too Much" is the obvious "single" here with its to-die-for hook. Actually those kinds of hooks are very much the rule here. "School Daze" is an outstanding anthem on a theme which is easily anthemicized. I'd also single out "Pain To Play" which changes the pace a little bit, employing very nice melody in the process. Good stuff. Include some personnel notes on your next tape, guys; the world needs to know. 127 Dahlia Rd., Liv. Manor, NY 12758.

# **Ⓢ Hermanos Guzman The Worm's Turn**

★★★★

Hermanos Guzman is a trio made up of Gary Wray on guitars and keyboards, Brian James Riedel on bass and Darrell Draeger on vocals, etc. I guess grunge rock is sort of an apt description, but there's also some quasi-reggae and a few faint flirtations with jazz. Darrell's vocals remind me of Lou Reed at times with bits of political cynicism and world-weariness. These songs are all succinct and well-executed. Wray's guitars are the major musical focus, and fit the style well. Good tape. \$5 from Darrell Draeger, PO Box 1425, Bakersfield, CA 93302.

# **Ⓢ Jim Hofmann**

Funk-Up Momoe (2nd Ed.)

★★★7/8

This tape "was made, among other things, to intentionally annoy Walkman® owners. Please proceed at your own risk...." Thanks for the warning, Jim. And he's not kidding—this is certainly annoying as Hell. Jim feasts on possessed (and possessive) rants, noise, sound manipulation, sex tapes, etc. The scraping/singing violin on "cada" makes it my favorite instrumental piece here, while "rock your body" contains a firm synthesized funk groove. The breadth of styles Mr. Hofmann grabs and disarms along the way make for an interesting listen, to say the least. Actually, as hard as it seems he tries to avoid it, I liked this tape. \$5, PO Box 1067, Oxon Hill, MD 20745.

# **Ⓢ Illusion of Safety Fifteen**

★★★★

I loved the percussion on this tape. Iron and stuff (played as subtle as Iron can be played) with a big sound and space. And these people definitely know how to capture a mood and hold on to it. So many tapes that toy with Industrialism tend to beat the improvisational nature of it to death—and ruin the effect in the process. I get the feeling that these people

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approach this with a larger purpose than "hey, we can do that!" And that's why this tape works for me. It's strange, but instead of conjuring up a feeling of hopelessness and helplessness—which almost seems to be a given with Industrial pieces—Illusion of Safety's "Fifteen" gave me the feeling of climbing out of that pit and seeing the world with the new eyes of that sort of perspective—with maybe a bit of hope, illusive though it certainly is. And incidentally, the insert is probably the best insert I've ever seen. Complacency, PO Box 1452, Palantine, IL 60078.

# **Ⓢ I'm Not a Crook Two Jesses compilation**

★★

Compilations of experimental pieces, with Theo Chromocytoma, David Nikias, Murray Reams, Gentlemaniac, The Beatless, Chuck, Eugene Chadbourne, The F-Art Ensemble, Seth Dworkin and Nixon interludes by Red Filigree on "I'm Not a Crook," and Eugene Chadbourne, Grapeworm, Chuck, Gentlemaniac, Coherent Drop, The Beatless, Middlefinger, F-Art Ensemble, Murray Reams, David Nikias, Seth Dworkin, Eskatology and Denise Burge on "Two Jesses." "Crook" starts out with some great cuts by the first five folks, but then it sort of closes in on itself. That, in itself, is probably sort of a comment on Nixon's administration if you think about it. While "Jesses" is more consistent in its experimentation, also offering spoken interludes by Jesse Jackson and Jesse Helms—one tape side devoted to each. Sound and Fury, c/o Murray Reams, PO Box 10331, Greensboro, NC 27404.

# **Ⓢ Industrial High Society Heating Double in Lacquerland**

★

This is a documentation of sorts. It's a recording of three guys on a lacquer high while apply lacquer to floors. The best thing about this tape is the liner notes. The tape itself is unbarely tedious, and could really be a recording of just about any situation in which the players are otherwise occupied. But is it a comment on the dehumanization of the modern Industrialized society in which we live? Maybe. Widemouth Tapes, PO Box 382, Baltimore, MD 21203.

# **Ⓢ Duane Isaacson**

JAZZ -- Some Like It Hot!

★★★7/8

As the name implies this aspires to be jazz; but while the playing is fairly well-versed, it tends to be a little too cut-and-dried to really attain the wonderful abandonment that the very best jazz holds true and dear. There's some searing lead guitar at several junctures. The arrangements hold closely to the melody lines, venturing out at times. This has a lot of promise which could possibly use more playing with its structure to fully realize. PO Box 5591, Coralville, IA 52241. \$4

# **Ⓢ Isolation**

The Golden Dawn

★★★★

Militant insects buzz into the sweaty Congo jungle. An enchanted clearing glistens with ephemeral emotions. The tribal chants of the lithe personifications of cold reactions steam like longing sighs on a doomsday morning. Ceremonial dancers flutter in a circular frenzy. The rain unleashes its torrent, and you awaken, strapped onto a native totem. A thousand fires obscure your drugged vision. Beads of sweat leap out like fireflies and spark the air with subdued fear. Then suddenly you awaken in a witch doctor's talisman-filled tent, where he's



chanting spells and sprinkling potions to ward off the impending evil. Too much like a dream. Your heart begins to bang frantically within your heaving chest-- and stops.... And then you're floating above it all. You are one with those spirits of enticing terror. You almost sense their camaraderie-- but then it's lost. You shift positions on the cold ground of an unfamiliar cave. Alienation befriends you like a scab. A strange pulse beckons you further, deeper into the darkness. The stench of ancient machinery whines its one lone song of mechanical construction. You stand, the solitary figure of such immense insignificance-- which you embrace like your last time. You toss it uncomprehendingly into the murky air. Heads you.... tails you.... Then you stumble back out into the twilight hush of the jungle. Restlessness stirs within its grasp. Death becomes an option, but your mute appeals silence you to fate. Fear trades in yesterday's slave ships. You're running nowhere fast. You're hurled into an excrement-lined cage, and everything's a memory. The jailers are your bastard children. You dream of fleeting passion. Everything drips of blood and false betrayal. "My love!" you cry-- but there's no reply; only the vindictive taunting of an emaciated brood of consequences. Then your master leads you to a home, where the static-tinged demands of an old TV play well into the golden beginning of a new dawn. **Harsh Reality Music, PO Box 241661, Memphis, TN 38124-1661. \$4.50**

#### EP Jack Scratch

The ACME sessions-- Mar 89

\*\*\*1/2  
Excellent wall-of-guitar, riff-laden, powerful songs by this Chicago band. This tape is much heavier than the previous demo release. "On your back/On your knees/Can you name the God you please?" is sung in a deep-voiced chorus that would leave most hardcore bands scratching their heads and salivating. And the music is sort of a mixture of hardcore intensity and 70s hard rock guitar interplay. Never boring, never inane-- which are descriptions both genres always had/have a hard time avoiding, if you ask me. There's only five songs here, but it's well worth the trouble to have it in your collection. **Dave B., 1536 Oakley, Chicago, IL 60622; (312) 278-6097.**

#### EP Japanese Hardcore Comp.

\*\*\*  
Almost exclusively speedcore thrash from several excellent bands from Japan: SIC, Cruck, Pig Slaughter, FVK, Death Side, SOB, Mink Oil, Don Don, GIL, Nausea. Whiplash inducing stuff. But these folks don't eschew meaningful lyrics with poetic form for speed, speed, speed. No way. Don Don's "Slash" reads: "Tears flowed from these eyes/Leave this world a pain/Cut into pieces/Be soaked/Commit a sin/Nerves it, bodys it/Everything... slash." True, heartfelt stuff here. **Akiko, 396 7th St. #2, Jersey City, NJ 07302. \$3**

#### EP Jeering at Shamen

\*\*\*1/2  
This tape consists of previously released material, condensed for AI's SOP label. A pretty fair electronic excursion, but rather unmemorable. There's some nice subtlety here and there, and a little grappling with peaks. Good for background-- and that's probably the whole point. **Sound of Pig Music, c/o AI Margolis, PO Box 150022, Van Brunt Station, Brooklyn, NY 11215-0001.**

#### EP Leather Smile

Isaac Hand

\*\*\*  
Fairly unique instrumental tape. Each of these pieces is constructed around a simple guitar riff, adding synth, percussion and bass for atmosphere. Sometimes the effect is quite driving, other times it's more subtle and just as effective. The guitars are treated to a nice, roomy reverb which tends to make the room as important to the songs as the instruments themselves. As it is, this is a very good tape with a style all its own; variety in arrangements and song structures is lacking which make future possibilities intriguing. I'm interested to see where these guys go from here. **\$5, M&M Music, PO Box 38, Cove, OR 97824**

#### EP Scott Marshall & Friends

Paric • Chicago 1989

\*\*\*1/2  
This tape begins with a couple outstanding rocknroll type instrumentals, and then launches into some more experimental territory. Improvised instruments with percussion is the rule on the experimental cuts. My favorite cut on the tape is the tirade which champions the right to be lazy-- the right *not* to work. It takes the stance that all political affiliations, no matter what degree of personal freedom their philosophy espouses, are after "Power" and intend, more or less, for the average individual to keep right on working to support their version of The Machine. Very passionate performance which reminded me not a little of Copernicus at his very best. Elizabeth Harper's "Nation of Abused Children" also deserves mention for its poignant portrayal of the fact that so many of us are [abused children]. **Paric Records & Tapes, PO Box 1696, Skokie, IL 60076-8696. \$4**

#### EP Mental Anguish

Asshole

\*\*\*  
The liner notes on this state that, "This one is dedicated to Craig.... for his non support of nothing but himself!!!!!! Thankx to Craig no confest 88 for me!!!!!! Fuck you asshole!!!!!! Hallelualla Asshole!!!!!! Hallelualla Asshole!!!!!!" And no, they didn't sign it with love. Anyway, this tapes reflects that sort of hostility very well. You get menacing vocals from Hell and screams-from-the-deps guitar, and all sorts of other noise. There is one song that is rather nice, with it's vibe-like keyboard sound and underlying distorted guitars. A much needed break by the time side two rolls around, if I do say so. **Koto Tapes, c/o Ed Canfield, 5912 NW 62nd Terr., Oklahoma City, OK 73122. \$4**

#### EP Menfully Broken Vol. 1

International comp. tape

\*\*\*1/2  
The bands on this tape come from U.S.A., Finland, Canada, Italy, France, Wales and England. The bands are: Psycho Sin, Corrupted Morals, Sabotage, Re-Ignition, Wretched, Deathnoise, Infezione, The Heretics, Sodomy Law, Adversity, Eat Yourself, Crucial youth and Extreme Noise. The music is unabashedly thrash. Fist-clenched ranting and fast, gut-guitar progressions are the rule, with very few exceptions. **c/o Akiko, 396 7th St. #2, Jersey City, NJ 07302. \$3**

#### EP Bloody Mess & the Skabs

\*\*\*  
Bloody Mess, the singer for Bloody Mess & the Skabs, has a voice that any hardcore/thrash band would kill for. Actually, it's not at all inconceivable that these guys didn't do just that. This tape starts out with a piece from the local

news about the controversy these guys fell into when they had a mass murderer paint the cover for their album. A good introduction for a band that makes short, emotion-dripping screamers. Great thrash to drive your neighbors parakeets insane with. **Bloody F. Mess, 5523 Montello Dr., Peoria, IL 61614.**



#### EP Donald Miller

A Little Treatise on Morals

\*1/2  
I must admit that I just don't understand the motivation behind what produced this 90-minute piece. So this is probably a case where my stupid little star-system doesn't reflect the quality of the work on its own terms. So, if you're partial to noise explorations, this might appeal to you. And I would probably think differently if it was under two minutes long-- but after 90-minutes, I still didn't get it I'm afraid. It just seemed like a continuous stream of constant, twisted noise being squeezed out of some kind of orifice-- a sort of documentation of perverted machinery. There is a theme here. I just don't feel it tugging, I guess. **audiofile Tapes, 209-25 18 Avenue, Bayside, NY 11360. \$7**

#### EP The Mockers

Fuel Injected Action!

\*\*\*  
Hooks and harmonies and melodies abound here. Styled with a mid-60s love of tight song structures along with a little post modern energy thrown in for good measure. Themes besides the old stand-by love cliches are tackled here also. "Velveta Underground," "Invisible Ink," and "Gray Area" show an extraordinary gift of observation. Refreshing.... **Sech Gordon, 1150 Born Point Rd., Virginia Beach, VA 23456.**

**Robert Musso**  
Absolute Music

A solo performance tape (with Bill Laswell on one cut), featuring instruments exclusively of a stringed nature. Styles range (and range is the correct word) from the new-jazzish electric funk of "Music of the Spheres" to Oriental and Indian explorations. You rarely find the sort of effortless subtlety combined with an outright sonic wonder that you'll find here. So I will cherish this one for a long time to come. \$8.  
NY Productions, 111 4th Ave. 5A, NY, NY 10003.

**The Mystery Tramps**  
Cathedral of Lemmings

\*\*\*1/4  
Jeff "Fingerhead" Jarvie and friends definitely stick with a style on this tape. Sort of a folk-rockish blend of Neil Young and Bob Dylan. The Mystery Tramps are a definite progression from Jarvie's earlier band, The Cheapskaters, in that the melodies are more diverse, and they actually employ hooks on a couple cuts, namely on "Fade To Black" and "The Fluffy Girl," which also happen to be the standouts on this tape. Jarvie's lyrics are as full of humorous cynicism and anger, while treating women as objects of such; and the rhymes often are forced—so much so that it's becoming a trademark of sorts.

**The Mystery Tramps**  
The Mystery Tramps  
Automo Blowjob  
Tiffany Twisted  
Coagulate Show

\*\*\*  
Mr. Jarvie & company definitely stick with a tried and true formula throughout their work as The Mystery Tramps. Simple song structures which take as much influence from the raw anger of punk as they do from the story telling of folk. The Mellow Dude's lead guitar often cuts right to the bone with his succinct lead lines which are often severely modulated. Jarvie's lyrics are almost always harsh, leaving absolutely nothing to the imagination. The lines, "When God created women/He forgot the brain" is telling of how these songs view women—as objects. But there's an unmistakable humor here, which leads me to the conclusion that it's not a hatred of women which is the focus but that relationships are generally a farce from both sides. Jeff Jarvie, 750-119 North, Indiana, PA 15701.

**Night & Day (Dreams)**  
compilation

\*\*\*  
This very fine compilation comes to us from Matthias Lang of West Germany. For the most part the words are sung in English, but these bands all have a definite German feel to them. Many of the cuts are full of excellent digital percussion programs, and the music itself touches on European funk in quite a few places. The bands represented here are: Angels of the Odds, Josef boys, Sektor, Solanaceae Tau, Deux Baleines Blanches, Trigger & the Acid Dreams, Opera Multi Steel, Gypsy, Nostalgie Eternelle, X-Ray Pop, The Hilli Revenge, Totungsdelikt, M. Jänckrieg and Gahli Vahli. Matthias also writes for a West German cassette zine. It's auf Deutsch, but I recommend you send tapes because it seems to get around; and also because he's such a nice guy. Matthias Lang, Herendellstrasse 35, 6795 Kindsbach, WST GERMANY. \$5

**Nihilistic Order**  
The Right Choice

\*\*\*  
Normally, Nihilistic Order's style of hardcore is not necessarily my cup of tea. However, I found their unique sound presentation quite intriguing. Guitars sound like they've been shoved through a distortion pedal pushed to its extreme limits. Chris Charles' voice is very subdued, plainly stating his firm convictions, entrenched in a philosophy that conscious choice is needed in life and that you can surely break through the world's apathy by living each day on the edge. It's a constant theme found here, presented from different points of view. This is not the blind, mob mentality that often threatens to make "straightedge" just another juvenile pipe dream. This is a conscious individualism with a clearly stated call to make your own choices and live your own life—or suffer the consequences in a no-man's land of unfulfilled dreams and second-hand emotions. \$3, N. Scholter, PO Box 352, Tawas City, MI 48764.

**NOMUZIC**  
Filaments Fading....

\*\*\*5/8  
Being one side of live recording performed at Bar None in Brooklyn, February 3, 1988 and another side of studio recordings which, judging from the names of various guest musicians, could almost be a NOMUZIC/Viktimized Karcass collaboration. According to a liner note, "No copyright privileges accrue to NOMUZIC because they're just a bunch of spiteful anarchists." And this tape definitely assumes a mantle of anarchy within its song-based structures. NOMUZIC could be labeled a New York version of Bauhaus, but its style is much more direct as to make any relative comparisons useless. For me, the standout track here is "Pay the Robots," with Ron Anderson's frenzied lead guitar. Sound of Pig Music, c/o Al Margolis, PO Box 150022, Van Brunt Station, Brooklyn, NY 11215-0001, \$7

**NOMUZIC**  
IN/DIVI/DUALISM

\*\*\*5/8  
Talk about a drastic difference between two tapes by the same band! This one is absolutely nothing like the former, Filaments Fading. I'd describe this as minimalist European funk. Nice, tight, well-constructed, basically synth songs with excellent bass end. I'm impressed, not only with the apparent diversity from one tape to the other, but with the embrace-a-style-and-make-it-your-own philosophy behind each tape. Recommended. Audiofile Tapes, c/o Carl Howard, 209-25 18 Ave., Bayville, NY 11360. \$6

**the norm**

\*\*\*  
Almost endearing songs done in an almost punk vein which, nonetheless, focus on some hardhitting things and slamming some pretty big balls to the ol' proverbial wall. "Sammy and Brian" is about the average U.S. citizen's ultimately apathetic way of life. "Prostitution" is about the pimping of big-business music. "Ill Wind" has words like, "Yet it's not just the mongers that are in the wrong/We're just as crazy to let it go on this long." And the norm never let's up. These songs are literally screaming for a sweaty vein-popping band to carry 'em where they're wanting to go. Then stand back—the norm could very well become the ultimate misnomer. \$6 postage and handling (or trade), Ennis Noise Enterprises, PO Box 896, Kingston, Ontario, K7L 4X8, CANADA.

**Orphanage**  
Cries in the Nite

\*\*\*  
Another compilation tape from the dungeons of Orphanage Records in Phoenix. Theatre of Ice, The Worry Beads, Orphans and Widows, Clocks, Oblivion Now, Trees, The Third, Psychodrama, Asphyxia and the Thyroid Storm, Praying Corpse, Dale and the Idaho Homeboys, Audrey Smiley, Warlock Pinchers, The Funeral Party, The Blood, Sidd Snott and the Blackheads are the bands here. Orphanage deals in darkness and death. "Mommy Stinks," by Theatre of Ice is the demented strains of a son who has killed his mother. Only "James Dean," by Warlock Pinchers, seems to stray a little from the black and blue path, giving us the phrase, "James Dean was an over-rated asshole!" The Funeral Party's "Love Like Napalm" is my favorite cut here, with its forboding progression, slicing guitars and mellow, deranged vocal. Sound of Pig Music, c/o Al Margolis, PO Box 150022, Van Brunt Station, Brooklyn, NY 11215-0001.

**Palocoy, Lester**  
Iceberg Dood Ahead

\*1/2  
Minimalistic synthesizer phrasings using, for the most part, simple digital patches and intermittent electronic percussion as sound sources. Lester will toy with a phrase while adding subtle changes to the sound's tonal characteristics (with effects or subtle changes to the patches themselves) over the course of the piece. One or two tracks will carry each cut through to completion. On the whole, these sounds are clean and basic. This work seemed to wander without any apparent purpose. But, then again, that might be the point here. The Cog Factory/DWI, 3710 W. 139 St., Cleveland, OH 44111; (216) 671-7023.

**Patronized Humoplasms**  
All Broke Down - Can't Be Fixed

\*\*\*  
To quote the extensive liner notes: "This tape preserves select moments of the Plasm's Vortex Travels harnessed from live cassette recordings of freely improvised musics; enhanced through the means of multi-tracking, digital sampling and stereo effects processing—although many cuts still remain in their original form." This should give you the general idea that this group of people is another unit seeking "something" by means of electronic improvised explorations. A pretty fair representation of the genre, at that. Xkuchen Sound, c/o Michael Jackson, State House PO Box 207, Boston, MA 02133.

**Pawnee Ribber**  
Am I Recycled Yet?

\*\*\*3/8  
Sixty minutes of voice collages (found from TV, late night phone-ins, sessions, answering machines, etc.). Pawnee Ribber, aka Bret Berman is apparently adept at this particular turn of things. The fragments build toward a definite cohesive quality for the whole. But it tends to be a little too straight-forward. Each fragment is presented at face-value. Juxtapositions never occur concurrently, yet they often happen side-by-side. The theme tends towards nihilism by presenting fragments of speech in order to expose the source's (or the source's subject's—say that fast, ten times, with your feet tied behind your back) inherent invalidity. Box 255, Monticello, NY 12701.



**Peppermint Subway**  
Subterranean Jungle

\*\*\*  
High energy borderline hardcore garage rock songs. The first two songs are fairly average punk type affairs, but suddenly they switch to clean guitars and introduce melody and a great guitar line and Peppermint Subway has you movin'. Serious subjects are not avoided here either. Like, where will we be in 10,000 years? Answer: we'll all be dead. Sure, it's simple and obvious, but it brings to mind a lot of peripheral questions like so why not get on with your life and stop worrying so much about the future? **Porkopolis, PO Box 3529, Cincinnati, OH 45201. \$3**

**Robert Poss**  
Sometimes

\*\*\*  
A tape from 1986. Mainly a solo effort by Poss which carries the female vocal interplay of Ava Rogers. These songs are guitar-oriented post-punk rock. And Poss has a firm grasp on rock guitar with riffs and chord structures. Give me a little more melody, and this would rise above what it is. **Trace Elements Records, 112 E. 4th St. 11D, NY, NY 10009.**

**Dave Prescott**  
Electromagnetized

\*\*\*1/2  
So what makes this tape stand out from amongst all the other tapes exploring the electronic experimental noise field? Maybe instead of force-feeding, Mr. Prescott's kind enough to use a spoon; and after a couple bites, let you feed yourself. I don't know... the subtle use of found recordings, like the singer that blends in oh, so wonderfully on "The Vicarious Life" like it's part of the piece, instead of just another roadkill to fork into the back of the truck. I don't know... maybe the blurs and bleeps and static maintained a sort of wild, yet controlled sort of electricity-- pleasant and unnerving all at once. I don't know... maybe it's the fact that a piece entitled, "This is London" actually felt like London, and a piece entitled, "International Affairs" had a political flavor to it, etc. I don't know... All I know is that it works. **audiofile Tapes, c/o Carl Howard, 209-25 18 Ave., Bayside, NY 11360. \$7**

**Project H. C.**  
compilation

\*\*\*  
This tape ranges from the average (read boring) hardcore of Blind Ambition to the very excellent Sumpapaste. Some of it is poorly recorded, and some is very high quality. Sumpapaste's "Hee (Volsied)" is, by far, the standout. It's the one with that Wizard of Oz wicked witch's guard marching song which I singled out on yet another comp tape reviewed in this issue. It warrants singling out again-- it's that good. The bands on this tape are: Blind Ambition, Sta-Core, 2227, Sumpapaste, L'Idio Boyz, Yugoslav Sun and Bap! Bap! "Armia Sarsa" ends the tape with a unique Spanish electric guitar instrumental. An inconsistent, yet far-ranging tape. **Akiko, 396 7th St. #2, Jersey City, NJ 07302. \$3**

**R.A.L.F.**  
defers

\*  
Start with some industrial-type undercurrents. Throw in some occasional talking, some occasional inane singing with equally banal words. Of course, you can't forget to include some Preachers. Then you'll have yourself the typical experimental-electroacoustic/punk/industrial

tape. And you'll also have this tape. I have a problem with this. Because I hear so much of it-- I can't help but think that "experimental" has become a misnomer. The fact that it might appear so easy to do, I think, leads many people to dabble with it, therefore, with foreseeable results. I am not against it, per se. There are several bands which tackle experimental-electroacoustic music with conviction, and succeed. And this tape shows promise. If this is the type of music/sound you're going to work with, then please don't be too flippant about it. The mass of recording artists doing so are beginning to give it a bad name I believe it doesn't deserve. **\$3 ppd., Aardvark Farms, PO Box 785, Glenham, NY 12527.**

**Joanne Rand**  
Home

\*\*\*\*  
Folk-Jazz in the Joni Mitchell vein. Ms. Rand has assembled a very fine cast of supporting instrumentalists for her acoustic guitar and piano work. The electric guitars of Messrs. John Gibson, Jeff Ebnother and Michael Cooper especially stand out for me. Joanne addresses most of her themes around nature (personal and outdoors) and freedom. Her vocal harmonies are dervish-like, swirling around the center of her well-crafted song structures. Digitally recorded, this tape is sharp. A beautifully focused piece of work from a gifted artist with a personal voice. **Box 1222, Ashland, OR 97520**

**The Rapp Patrol**  
They Are So Cool

3/16  
Two white guys do two rapp songs about how cool they are.... Give me a fucking break! If this wasn't so inane I might be able to laugh it off. **Angel Records, PO Box 2544, Baton Rouge, LA 70821.**

**Refried Dreams**  
compilation tape

\*\*\*\*  
This tape features some of Darrell's "...faves of the so-called underground." And a fine tape it is, with Al Perry, Lord Litter, John Bartles, Sister Ray, Don Campau and more. Overall, this has a tasty, raw bite to it, with everything from shout-it-out screamers to a wonderfully composed and executed instrumental by Perry. **Darrell Draeger, PO Box 1425, Bakersfield, CA 93302.**

**Ken Rubenstein**  
Songs to...Alienate...Masses

\*\*\*  
A live, in the studio recording (with no overdubs) of Mr. Rubenstein using guitar, Roland guitar synthesizer, loops and external effects. Very inspiring as to what sorts of wonderment can be attained with guitar. And Ken coaxes and prods some pretty strange things from the beast, let me tell you. He also works with 1/4-tone harmonies, other microtonal intervals and polyrhythms to excellent effect. Occasionally you get a glimpse of melody or structure here and there that makes you (well, me, at least) kind of wish that this bizzareness was sometimes chained to a song-- but then, perhaps chaining would be exactly that. I, for one would be interested to hear the outcome of that sort of marriage anyway. **45 Belmont Ave., Garfield, NJ 07026.**

**Saturday Dancer**

\*\*\*1/4  
This is a poetic ode to barflies of sorts. Aida Pavletich gives us the words with very pertinent musical backing provided by Norma Tanega. Unlike most poetry performances with

instrumental hacking, where the music and words seem to exist as separate entities, here, the music is actually used as counterpoint to the poetry, which binds them together as one. Very effective. The songs make up a cycle about a person searching for love/sex in bars on one Saturday night. Aida's expressiveness runs the gamut of emotions in this situation: coy discomfort, infatuation, lust, guilt and religious allusion, allusion to death, insightful humor and sad realization. Aida is also adept at a variety of poetic techniques, such as the word play on the piece about the green sweater and "Homogenous Erogenous," and the storytelling with a twist on "Why I Don't Sleep With 20 Cats." At times, her performance sounds like words being read, but the words themselves tend to offset this; and the taboo marriage of sexual/religious dichotomy on a couple pieces may be offensive to some people, but I think this is important to the overall concept-- and quite effective, I might add. I would also single out "Oh Marilyn" as a very beautiful piece all by itself. **\$10 to Norma Tanega, c/o Addictive Audio, 4111 Mt. Baldy Rd., Claremont, CA 91711.**

**Schlafengarten**  
Narcotico

\*\*\*1/2  
Heavy on the altered percussion. The first cut here has a nice reggae bass groove running throughout. The percussion stop/starts in order to throw you off guard-- and it works --so, in that way, it's basically anti-reggae. Occasional noise squirts in and out, along with spoken word manipulations. There are a lot of good ideas here, which, for me, are never quite grasped and made complete. But the sound is very huge at times, and powerful. **audiofile Tapes, c/o Carl Howard, 209-25 18 Ave., Bayside, NY 11360. \$5.50**

**Scorched Ear Policy**

\*\*\*  
"In the night, familiar disembodied voices chant cryptic slogans over the radio. Tape recorders document torch songs unsung, melodies played in a penny arcade, time without apparent rhyme.... This is a collection of some of my more successful sound experiments, impromptu collages with radio co-hosts, and tapes made with musicians and audiophiles who believe in the Chuck Isle theory that 'without mystery, there is no comedy.'"-- Jerry Modjeski. These pieces combine humor and surrealism (a perfect match, I might add) to good effect. I especially loved "The Mechanical Spider Clinic" excerpts. Very good stuff. **\$5, Numazu Studios, PO Box 19427, Minneapolis, MN 55419.**

**Screaming of the Mirror**  
compilation

\*\*\*\*\*  
This is a compilation of independent Australian bands, using everything from portable cassette players to big studios. There's a mixture of various styles here, including Syd Barrett-ish psychedelia to outright trash-or-be-trashed punk to modern guitar rock to experimental pieces of musique concrete. Yet, somehow it maintains a balance without becoming a mish-mash of forms without any (form). I think this is a perfect example of what compilation tapes are supposed to be. **Ticklish Tapes, PO Box 1064, Collingwood Vic. 3066, AUSTRALIA.**

## **☞ The Silly Pillows** New Ears

\*\*\*3/4

This has a lot in common with a few other cassette artists who write with a sort of purposely starchy-eyed view towards love, life, food, etc. The instrumentation, played mostly by Jonathan Caws, is downright childlike. Joining Caws on vocals is Hilary Elwitt; the vocals add to this childlike quality—off sync and just a touch off key, and yet it's all quite endearing, I think. I really liked Caws' organ playing; simple melodies that twirl around for a moment. The songs themselves are very well constructed, although, like the approach, they're very simple—and effective. I don't, however, think their case would be hurt too much if they worked a little bit on the execution. After 90 minutes I was thanking my lucky stars that I had a Japanese hardcore tape handy—my sweet tooth was crying "Uncle." RR10, Box 420-A, Binghamton, NY 13901.

## **☞ ssshhh...**

The Camaraderie Instrumental Compilation

\*\*\*\*\*

If the pieces on this tape are any indication, New England must have a wonderfully diverse and thriving independent recording scene. These selections range from moody synth meanderings to simpler sound pieces. The liner notes are the most complete and best of any I've seen in a compilation offering. The Panting Antics' (Sean McCough) "I Call It Sin" features a simply astounding use of a found recording. This piece uses Jimmy Swaggart's televised confession as its root. The music hovers at the right places, then swoops in for the kill with a great funk-like rock groove. Very highly recommended! Camaraderie Music, PO Box 403, Kenmore Station, Boston, MA 02215.

## **☞ Stanlow Crickets** Invisibility Zoo

\*\*\*

Stanlow Crickets use wildlife sounds in a musical fashion. Chickens, monkeys, pumas, flies, elephants, various birds, cats, sheep, toads, dogs, hippopotami, wolves, sea lions, mice and even human voices all come into play here. A great concept that somehow doesn't achieve fruition on this tape. Most of the pieces are a bit jumbled, enough to destroy the effect for me. A little more subtlety and a clearer recording might make for a better realization of their concept. Sound of Pig Music, c/o Al Margolia, PO Box 150022, Van Brunt Station, Brooklyn, NY 11215-0001.

## **☞ Starvation Army** Ticket To Oblivion

\*\*\*\*\*

Great fist clenching, guitar sneering, drum pounding, sing-it-like-you're-dead-tomorrow rock 'n' roll. Excellent recording too—and sometimes that counts for something. Arrangements kept spare and to-the-point. Great performances all around. Crank this sucker up and remember what it was like to be young and driving nowhere in particular—just as fast as that beaten old heap could move. And do it again. For new time's sake. Box 15007, Cleveland, OH 44115. \$5

## **☞ Jim Steele**

Deerheaded Facts

\*\*\*3/4

Sounds like Jim Steele's got a good sampling keyboard. This tape has some intriguing minimalist explorations with each piece lingering around a modal center, and stepping outside occasionally. At times, the instruments

contemplate dissonance to good effect. The simplicity of the arrangements fares well in Mr. Steele's hands. Jim tends to favor acoustic sounding samples. The clarinet on the first cut could even be real for all I know. The insert features a few poems/prose and drawings by Dave Ericson. All in all, a good listen. Jim Steele, 930 Lake Ave., Ft. Wayne, IN 46805; (219) 426-8269. \$6.50

## **☞ The Jim Steele Trio**

\*\*\*\*\*

Same man, but papa's got a brand new bag this time around; or possibly an old one. This is some very hot jazz piano trio pieces. And "pieces" is the correct term, since Steele's piano playing revolves around a melody and milks that sucker. Geo Conner's upright and Todd Harold's kit provide a workmanlike backing for the spotlight to fall on ol' Jim, and he seems to revel in it—much to our pleasure. Jim Steele, 930 Lake Ave., Ft. Wayne, IN 46805; (219) 426-8269. \$8

## **☞ Studio Animals**

A Private Studio Compilation

☉

I'll call these "ensemble pieces." Acoustic instruments leap to the fore here. Listening to this tape, I can't help but think that synthesizers really don't measure up. I know that's not the point or anything, it's just that all these songs breath so much they take your breath away. They've got an atmosphere you can reach out and touch. A style that will sit down and monopolize your dinner table conversation. And there's a definite style to the bands represented here: Rascal Reporters, World 48, Sublime Wedge, Gerald Siclovian, Plug Uglies, Ralph Martin Combo, Only a Mother, Major Dents, and M.L. Lieber. Eugene Chadbourne has a cut here also which includes some cool guitar work. Actually, this brings up a good point—you know you have a god-like compilation tape when your Eugene Chadbourne cut is the filler. Strap yourself in—this is one hell of a ride!! Private Studio, PO Box 531, Wyandotte, MI 48192. \$7

## **☞ Sublime Wedge**

☉

"Duot-n-doi" gives us the phrase, "All you eat is Love." It's got my vote for phrase of the season.... This tape is kind of a cross between Tom Waits and Frank Zappa, with a healthy dose of punk abandon. Wonderful, wonderful stuff! Please tell me this is the wave of the future.... Candy for the ears, conjuring images for the brain that will open your eyes and slap a smile all over that cynic's scowl of yours. This is physical, sensory-level music that will pants you and throw you outside and lock the door—and suddenly, you'll be on a ship to the new world, puking your guts out over the sides and watching the seagulls dive for the chunks; and only then will you understand what it's like to be alive. And free. Private Studio, PO Box 531, Wyandotte, MI 48192. \$5

## **☞ Teen Lesbians & Animals** Live

\*5/8

Experimentation with sounds (mostly harsh) and voices with a punk/hardcore influence. The live improv feel here allows for an extremely loose execution. So loose that, for the most part, nothing really gells and takes off. Lots of interesting ideas just waiting to be grabbed hold of—but usually left behind, in search of the next one. The possibilities these guys generate deserve more work than they've done here. Ecto Tapes, 5912 NW 62nd Terr., Oklahoma City, OK 73122. \$4

## **☞ The Three Johns** Deathrocker Scrapbook

\*\*\*\*\*

Sometimes these guys remind me of The Dead Milkmen. Sometimes they remind me of Emo Phillips with a band. Songs (kind of a Look Sharp era Joe Jackson, but definitely with a stamp of their own design) segued with tireless bits of lunacy are what make up this tape, culled from recordings (including some rehearsals) done during this wonderful decade. 88-ROIR, 611 Broadway, Suite 411, NY, NY 10012.

## **☞ Twelve Violet Wire**

Autumn Chronicles

\*\*\*\*\*7/8

Prepare yourself. You simply won't believe this was recorded on 4-track cassette—and a one-man show at that. The guitars are so full and lush that you'll be smelling like them for weeks afterwards. David Moore is the one-man here. After playing bass in a band that folded and in another that deserted to L.A. (to become future fodder for another "Where Are They Now?" story I suppose), he decided to pick up the guitar and make the songs he's hearing in his head. A tremendous amount of forthright and planning must have featured into each of these songs. I will be playing this again and again, and counting my blessings. This could really be the Church's "Starfish II." I don't even think the Church would be so derivative. There's so much talent and feeling dripping from this tape, I'd really love to hear it take on some diversity. Please? Very highly recommended. Very! \$4, David Moore, 1129 Floyd Ave., Richmond, VA 23220.

## **☞ Two Heads Are Better Than None** compilation

\*\*\*

This tape is different, which is a redeeming factor. A few songs have sort of a reggae, rap, soul kind of feel to them, with a shouted vocal over top. Also some flirtations with oriental modes, and a punky new-wavish girl group to round out the whole. Strange mix of stuff. Nothing really came close to blowing me away though. \$4, Craig Blomquist, Cud Brain Tapes, 48 Beck Rd., Lindenhurst, IL 60046.

## **☞ Undercurrent** Trip P.Toma

\*\*\*5/8

Acoustic, quasi-metallic (as in ringing) percussion oriented explorations with song titles that resemble European licence plate numbers. Vocals (mostly spoken, incidental) and improvised instruments round out a picture that seems to be influencing and garnering the attention of a lot of independent recording artists in Cassette Culture. Not that Undercurrent's viewpoint doesn't add its own brand of uniqueness to the underpinned fray. Bill Jaeger, 506 W. Johnson Dr., Payson, AZ 85541.

## **☞ the Urban Ambiance orchestra** Musique Du Jour

\*\*\*

Spontaneous improvisational music performed at a variety of places with a core ensemble consisting of Mr. Curt, Bob McCloskey and Chuck U. And various guests who make up the "orchestra." On the insert, they ask, "Shall we trance?" The answer must have been affirmative, 'cos these pieces definitely have that effect. "Keys to the Future" is a wonderful excursion on the threshold of life, with someone asking two children what they're going to be and them answering with the stock

## TWICE VIOLET WIRE David Moore

34



answers of "teacher," "dancer," or "lawyer." You can't help but remember back when you were young and had those dreams of your own. But before you can be cynical about it, the music convinces you that this is truth. It's possible. Anything is possible. It's a wonderful piece. And the rest of this tape is full of a variety of images grappled with similar effectiveness. Great sound too. **Comradie Music, PO Box 403 Kenmore Station, Boston, MA 02215.**

### Uxorid The Face of Uxorid

Recorded over the last six months (when he had the time) by Steve Boone, receiving help from his wife (she sing's the Beatles' "Yesterday") on one cut and his daughter, Natalie (age 6) on another in which she also wrote the apparently spontaneous words about the man in the moon (thereby tying in the picture on the tape cover). This sounds very much like a home recording done just for the joy of doing it— which is exactly why I enjoyed it so much. But beyond that, Mr. Boone has a very strong sense of simple song structure and melodies. Mainly guitar pop, Steve's technique lets a lot of the ruff edges shine through, unabashedly. "Steve Can't Surf," the instrumental that opens side two, contains a perfect blend of pedal-distortion guitar and clean guitar; when the clean guitar's angular (whatever that means) picking gives the song a whole new life. "I Watch the Moon" is my favorite song here, with it's haunting lilt. Very highly recommended. \$4. 105 Windsor Dr., Tickfaw, LA 70466.

### Viktimized Karcass think like abo lincoln

"President Abraham Lincoln's sons, Willie and Tad, burst in on a presidential meeting, pleading for 'paw' to pardon their doll, Jack. Jack had been court-martialed and was to be shot and then buried in the Rose Garden, but the gardener had objected. Lincoln pulled out a piece of executive stationery and wrote: 'The Doll Jack is pardoned by order of the President A. Lincoln.' With this, we're led (cackling dementedly) to a landscape of tortured guitars and resigned vocals which sometimes belie their anguish. And sometimes not. VK's voice is best served as a journal of decadence, as in

"Talking About Crack." This makes no promise of any aforementioned rose garden, incidentally. **Xkushen Sound, c/o Michael Jackson, State House PO Box 207, Boston, MA 02133.**

### Vold of Course The Muscle Shoals Noise Orchestra

Or is that the other way around?... Electronic improv with no real focus. Maybe that's the point though. If it is, then this tape works. But I'm afraid it doesn't suit me too much. Don't get me wrong though— nobody really steps on anyone, even though by the listing on the insert there must be an airplane hanger somewhere in Alabama full of the stuff that went into the making of this. So the fact that there's no bruised toes or anything says a lot. But I really found myself wanting to tell these people to get on with whatever they came to do. But they never did. **Experimental Audio Directions, 2251, Belton Dr. #87, Florence, AL 35630.**

### Wallmen Mr. Happy Man

These guys have the strange-white-boy blues thing down pat. This is not "Blues" by the accepted definition, however. Styles range from late 70s punk to Barrettesque pop. And it sounds to me like they must be having great fun recording, which makes listening to this tape all the better. When good songwriters delve into the far reaches of recording and twist their instrumentalism, interest bordering on fascination makes the appeal much stronger; but I find that sometimes there's a danger that these explorations begin to feel like narcissism when the exploration swallows up the "songs" themselves. I began to get this feeling at a couple points on this tape— but then I was rescued from it each time. Recording freedom is a dangerous thing— but this is exactly what attracts me to independent cassette production. **7711 Lisa Lane, N. Syracuse, NY 13212. \$3.**

### Where It's at 88 compilation

The cast of characters and caricatures on this tape of almost exclusively instrumental explorations is: Northern Machine, Mental Anguish, Louis Boone & Reginald Tabor, Mystery Hearsay, Yokio Yung, NOMUZIC,

Dance Naked, The Venus Fly Trap, Don Campau, Stephen Buchanan, Henry Hektik, Sponge, Alien Planetscapes, Crawling Tarts, and Clone Unity Orchestra. A fine cast indeed! This is another must-have for the explorer type. The music swells, it descends, it swoops, it hovers over its prey, it dives in for the kill, it attacks, it mauls, it toys with your near-dead flesh, it rips your heart out, it spits out your soul and cooks it on the blistering pavement (well-done) and serves it up to you— and expects a complimentary "burp" in return. And it gets it. **audiofile Tapes, c/o Carl Howard, 209-25 18 Ave., Bayville, NY 11360.**

### Woundz Never Heall Vol. 1 compilation Vol. 2 compilation

Noise experiments, musique concrete, electronics.... These tapes bring you quite a few of the top names in cassettes who are practitioners in these beyond-the-edge fields. Big City Orchestra, Mental Anguish, Darren Copeland, Cephalic Index, Viktimized Karcass, Animation Festival, Jazz-N-Git-Fat, white Cancerous Hand Growth, Opera, Swinebolt, Stream of Unconsciousness, Randy Grief, Semantics could Vanish, Joe Carnation, Kopschmerstabelle, Die Rache, Jeff Central, Pop Druids, Pierre Perrett on Vol. 1, and Parade of Sinners, Dave Prescott, Mental Anguish, X-Ray Pop, John Wiggins, Bunker Club Project, Mike Crocker, Teen Lesbians & Animals, Nature and Organization, Minoy, LD Gregory, The Arms of Someone New, Bene Gesserit, If Bwana, F/i, and Dog As Master on Vol. 2 all offer up their unique explorations in the possibilities of recorded sound— and those possibilities are truly astounding! This is an excellent opportunity for those of you who have yet to take the experimental plunge, to do so. **Harsh Reality Music, PO Box 241661, Memphis, TN 38124-1661.**

### ZXQ

Wow!!! This is a tremendously wild space odyssey. And the recording techniques used to create this will truly astound you. Especially, if not exclusively, the way voice is treated, manipulated— and also the performance itself. When this guy goes wild with the frenzied voices, it really gets your heart pounding; and then, just as suddenly, you'll run into a piece where the voice is so profoundly peaceful and surrounds you with the biggest warmth you can ever imagine.... it's theatre, but there's something here that everyone from noise mongers to country crooners will find of value; but most importantly, ZXQ is extremely entertaining. On the flipside is an added bonus of strictly atmospheric type space music. Sort of eerie and soothing at the same time. **ZXQ, PO Box 19427, Minneapolis, MN 55419.**

### Zineage Jersey Beat Compilation Vol. 4

This tape is a compilation of songs by bands put together by writers/editors of various fanzines. A great idea, if you ask me. Sort of a "Put your heart where your mouth is" kind of thing. Hopefully I can get these names straight.... Featured on the tape are: Jim DeRogatis, editor of *The Bob and Reasons For Living*; Mick London, of *Start! and Making Tyme*; Donny the Punk, writer for *Flipside, Punk, Maximum Rock and Roll*, etc.; Ben Weasel of *Shitcheet*; Dean Ween of *Yuck and Mercer Music Now*; Howard Wuelling of *Discards*; Bob Z of *Bad News*; Bruce Gallanter of *Jersey Beat*; Joe, NJ's *Fiendz*; Jeff Fox



of Maximum Rock N' Roll: Larry of Incognito: David Clark of Chrome on Fire: Mark Sawicki of Uni-Force: Chris Franz, cartoonist and editor of Damaged: the creators of Smash Apathy and Cancer: Joe Ment of Urban Rag. The tape has a good mix of stuff from scream-in-your-face core to stuff skirting the edges of Pop. My favorite was Balloon Squad's "Songs About UFOs." It's got a hook you'd simply die for. Believe me.

**Jazzzy Beat**, 418 Gregory Ave.,  
Newark, NJ 07102. 34

# ODDS & ENDS

Consisting of addresses, zines, distributors, bands, organizers, etc. that have been passed on to me, via notes and various enclosures. Just thought I ought to pass them on somehow, even though I haven't received their products first-hand.

✓**NO RESTRICTIONS DISTRIBUTION** has now been set up. If you want your 'zine, mag, tape or record distributed, then please contact them c/o **COMMON GROUND**, 1 Charlotte Square, a Newcastle Upon Tyne, NE1 4XF, ENGLAND

✓**Dark Diamonds** issue 1 available from Andy C, 1 St. John's View, Boston SPA Wetherby, West Yorkshire LS23 6NQ, ENGLAND. \$1 + IRC or 3 IRC or \$2 ppd. air. Others \$2 + IRC. 40 pages. Articles, poetry, opinions, art & humor.

✓**Sweet Dreams** Distribution, c/o Adam, 104 Hollybank Lane, Emsworth, Hants, PO10 7UD, ENGLAND. Hardcore/metal tapes.

✓**Anarcho-Thrash** Distribution. Any band wanting records, tapes, etc. distributed in Canada write to 5155 Idlewood Cres., Burlington, Ontario, CANADA, L7L 3X5.

✓Another good cassette label you should write to from J. P. Lemerchford, BP 90, 93270 Sevrin, FRANCE.

✓**Schizo Scandale** Fanzine. 10 frs from D. Clouzet, Scierie Du Bois Robert Rue F. Ferrer 78210 St CYR L'Ecole, FRANCE (I don't understand that either—b.); or D. Zimmer, Rue Du Rethibaut, 17 B, 7600 Peruwelz, BELGIQUE.

✓**Zap H.C. Comp** c/o Akiko, 396 7th St. #2, Jersey City, NJ 07302.

✓**Epstein Bros**, PO Box 257, Kent, OH 44240.

✓**Steve Gash**, 2270 Vine, Cincinnati, OH 45219.

✓**R.E.D. Tapes**, PO1811 50-385 Wroclaw 46 POLAND.

✓**BLUCK**, 811 Fleming St., Indy, IN 46841.

✓**Blurg Tapes**, 2 Victoria Terrace, Melksham, Wiltshire, ENGLAND.

✓**C. Stepp** has a tape out with a band called **Ritalin**, entitled "Premature" from Prole Threat Inc. You can write to C. Stepp @ 226 McCormick #3(?), Cinti, OH 45219.

✓**CATS Distribution** (tapes, 'zines & records). 75 Wilson St. Wombwell, Barnsley South Yorks, S73 8LX, ENGLAND UK. Send IRC for list.

✓**Travis B.**, 718 W. 19th Ave., Vancouver, BC, CANADA V5Z 1XZ.

✓**New Fresh Tapes**, 2837 NW 66th St., Oklahoma City, OK 73116

✓**ITN**, 5230-D Tamarack Blvd., Columbus, OH 43229

✓**SJ Organization**, 11, Rue Fenelon B16, 75010 Paris, FRANCE

✓**Bomb Shelter Props**, PO Box 12268, Seattle, WA 98102 has a book of prose, poems and collages by Thomas Wiloch called, "The Mannikin Cypher" available for \$5.00 ppd. It's perfect bound, 4.5 X 6.5 and 40 pages.

✓**Scoresheet**, 491 Mandana Blvd. #3, Oakland, CA 94610 puts out a sheet of collage/surrealistic art. You can get four of these for \$1. Mike Miskowski's piece in #15 is truly strange. Good stuff.

✓**Lug/Burning Press**, PO Box 18817, Cleveland Heights, OH 44118 is putting together something he calls The Collaboration Project, which is a sort of forum for collaborative work (writing and art). It seems to work around the same basic concept as APA's work (i.e. people send in their own works and comment on the works of others, etc.). Deadline for the first round was April 1, but as with other projects of this sort, it's almost certain you'd be welcome to jump in at any time. So do it!

✓**Jake Berry**, 2251 Helton Dr. #N7, Florence, AL 35630 has a book of collaborative writings and drawings along with John Eberly called "Gris Gris Malkuth" which features a nicely skewed new font designed by Amendant Hardiker. The book is 9.5 X 8.5, 24 pages and sells for \$3.00 (soft) or \$11.00 (hard) plus \$1 for postage.

✓**Coup De Grace**, 58 Washington Ave., Cambridge, MA 02140 has The AntiChrist by Friedrich Nietzsche. "This impressive edition is limited to 500 copies, hand-numbered and professionally printed & bound. It will not ever be reprinted in this form. Der AntiChrist is Nietzsche's infamous

polemic against christianity, written in 1888 as he swiftly approached his death. The publication couples the best extant english translation with 23 stunning original line illustrations by Trevor Brown, directly inspired by the text. Copy #s 001-075 are 1/4-bound in genuine black leather for \$35 ppd, copy #s 076-150 are 1/4-bound in black Buckram (cloth) for \$27 ppd, and copy #s 151-500 are paperbound for \$13. Make payment out to Michael Moynihan.

✓**WCSB 89.3/FM**, Cleveland State University, Rhodes Tower, Room 956, Cleveland, OH 44115 (216) 687-3523 produces a weekly radio show called Cassette 'Zine Radio Series. It's on at 10pm, Wednesday nights. It's a combination of talk from the editors of 'zines such as Gargoyle, Poetry Motel, Sub Rosa, PhonoSTATIC, and Mailific, along with the music of home audio-artists.

✓**Aardvark Farms**, PO Box 785, Glenham, NY 12527 is offering "an invitation to Mail-Art." Theme: "Psychedelic Experience". Deadline: October 2, 1989. Media: words and/or pictures. Must be black & white postcards or any size. All participants will be reproduced in booklet which will be sent to all in November. Mail your Art before Art Strike.

✓**Infernal Bleeding Magazine**, issue #1 is finally out with full-page lay-out with interviews and articles and over 25 demo reviews and tons of other zine ads, brutal artwork and contact addresses. If you have a promo package consisting of a demo, complete band history and band picture, and you want to expose yourself more, send your material because everything gets a guaranteed write-up and review and chance of getting air-play on a local radio station near Pittsburgh. Send check for \$3, payable to Joe Tessi, c/o Mark Mastro, 1201 West Main St., Monongahela, PA 15063.



# RADIO!

✓ **WEED Music**, c/o Winfried Pickart, Breitenbend 34, 5160 Duren 16, West Germany has three Rattus Rexx tapes.

✓ **Peace & Freedom** is an organization for worldwide peace and freedom, animal rights, love and understanding, and for bands/poets/writers/artists sharing their ideals. Carla Lane, Yoko Ono, Simon Dee, Janice Long, Nick "Wicksy" Berry, Ian (Cicle Works) McNabb, Roger (SST), Warren Peace, and Paul Foot are just some of the people who have given them encouragement. They offer 8 mags, plus a free 30 work personal ad to all members. Membership costs £6/\$14/19 DM. Send either to Paul Rance, 17 Farrow Rd., Whaplode Drove, Spalding, Lincs, PE12 0TS, U.K. or Andrew Bruce, 187 Grange Rd., Hartlepool, Cleveland, T26 8LX, U.K. Send SAE/IRC with any inquiry.

✓ **Mucky Pup**, 23 N.Y. Ave., Bergenfield, N.J. 07621. "Cruel remarks followed by: 'What's the matter, can't you take a joke?'"

✓ **Channel 83**, c/o Owen Polifka (A & R), 900 W. Grandview, Roseville, MN 55113. "Vinyl that bites back"

✓ **Bee Jay's 45's**, 3011 27th Ave. South, Minneapolis, MN 55406. "1000's of rare 45's, old and rare LP's, tapes and more"

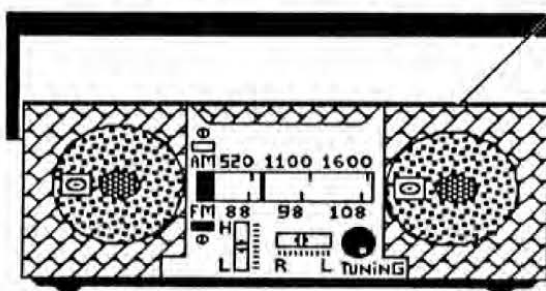
✓ **the wild RAGL**, 2207 W. Whittier Blvd., Montebello, CA 90640; (213) 726-9593. "The only magazine that exposes all types of metal instead of criticizing it. Over 40 pages of interviews, photos and news from the local and international scene—written by people in the business—published every six weeks. Only \$3 ppd. \$5 overseas."

✓ **ASPIRIN**, 3614 N. 49 St., Omaha, NE 68104 is interested in contacting bands who are "interested about interviews, being on comp tapes, reviews, social blabbing, etc."

✓ **RELEASE** zine, c/o Chris, 4523 Deelane St., Torrance, CA 90503. "Release #4 out now! Interviews w/ Cold Vietnam, Ripcord, etc, Spazztic Blurr, stuff on Wehrmacht, Purulence, President Fetch, articles, reviews 'n more! Bands—please write. \$1 ppd. 2 IRC's or \$2 overseas."

✓ **The Tired of Waiting Concert Series**, 459 The Arcade, 401 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, OH 44114. "The concerts are being held once a month through May, 1990, in response to the Kent State University Board of Trustees' inability to raise adequate fund for the building of the original May 4th Memorial and their decision to build only a scaled down version. The concerts are being held as a series of fund raising efforts to facilitate the building of the original Memorial at MOTHER'S JUNCTION, 135 Franklin Ave., Kent, OH 44240 (678-2233) beginning July 28, 1989 at 8:00 PM." The 20th anniversary of the Kent State tragedy is in 1990. The series' organizers need help and suggestions for print and broadcast publicity as well as talent willing to do benefits both in Kent, Ohio and in your own area. For May 4, 1970 information: The Kent May 4 Center, Box 3313, Kent, OH 44240.

✓ **Stella Midori Makofski**, PO Box 3311, Oceanside, CA 92054 works for **Mystic Records** and may be interested to hear from zine editors who are willing to run Mystic's ads in exchange for records. You might just send her a couple issues of your zine and ask her about it. Incidentally, this seems to be quite a common practice in the underground press. It is my opinion that any records or tapes sent to me are sent with the agreement that they will be reviewed—period. I make it a practice not to exchange advertising for such, as this is giving a sort of unfair advantage to the people who have the audacity (or just plain, good business acumen) to suggest a trade. But I suppose it is a good way to get free records if you're interested.



**KFAI**, 1518 East Lake St., Suite 209, Minneapolis, MN 55407 is a public radio station with many programs which may be interested in tapes. Earl Root (see letters column: PO Box 6001, Minneapolis, MN 55406) is the host of his own metal/thrash type show.

**RRRadio**, 151 Paige St., Lowell, MA 01852 is now airing twice a month on 2 stations (WJUL, University of Lowell; and WZBC, Boston College. Ron explains, "... all shows are spontaneous record/tape collages with live musical accompaniment. All shows performed by Due Process. To participate, just send a good backing tape I can incorporate into the performance. I promise to send a dub of any show using your contribution."

**On the Air** is 52 pages of radio stations addresses and information. It costs \$25, but you can get it for \$20 if you mention you saw it here. Whenever sending tapes to radio stations for airplay, it's always a good idea to get as much information about the station and its programs, so that you're sending your work to the right people. Information this booklet includes on every contact: phone number, contact person, broadcast power, audience number, air time given (%), styles programmed, format (record, cassette, CD, etc.), interviews(?), live performances(?). So if you're wanting to get on the air, this booklet is indispensable. Write to Independent Music Services, PO Box 485, Sharon, PA 16146.

**WCSB 89.3/FM**, Cleveland State University, Rhodes Tower, Room 956, Cleveland, OH 44115 (216) 687-3523 produces a weekly radio show called **Cassette 'Zine Radio Series**. It's on at 10pm, Wednesday nights. It's a combination of talk from the editors of 'zines such as **Gargoyle**, **Poetry Motel**, **Sub Rosa**, **PhonoSTATIC**, and **MallLife**; along with the music of home audio-artists.

From Factsheet Five #31

**Curious Music** is a weekly show of esoteric and experimental music, broadcast from **KRUI Student Radio**, 897 South Quad, Iowa City, IA 52242. They're looking for more outre material, or stations who would like to carry the show.

# Compilations

This section publicizes compilation projects currently underway in cassette culture. If you're working on a compilation project and would like submissions from the general populace, please drop me a line and I'll let people know about it.

## Porkopolis

PO Box 3529

Cincinnati, OH 45201

Submit a high-biased cassette with songs of your choice. Include your group's name and address, along with a handwritten letter giving permission to use the material. All entrants whose material is used will receive a free copy of the cassette. It will be distributed through an international distributor.

## Foist

287 Averill Ave.

Rochester, NY 14602

"Foist Magazine is currently seeking two-track audio cassette submissions as entries for the ongoing international cassette compilation series. Open forum. Foist's artists or cassette groups shall receive one copy as payment to each cassette document/promotion/exchange/collaboration/contact. Tapes sent out for reviews, archives, trades and radio airplay. All rights revert to composer upon release."

## RRRecords

151 Paige St.

Lowell, MA 01852

"I have decided to maintain a series of cassette compilations based entirely on cover versions. Already 2 have been released and planned releases include: #1 *Chartbustin Hits*-- only big hit songs; *We Can Work it Out*-- only Beatles songs; 20 *More Jazz Funk Greats*-- only TG songs; 3rd *Testament*-- this is my big deal LP and video compilation series, already two have been released and future issues planned include a boxset of 45's, a 2LP set of Jap artists only, a CD only issue based on interpretations of John Cage and any others that happen to fall into place. Final deciding factor on all projects is my personal taste, but please don't be afraid to send me something to consider."

## Violet Glass Oracle

c/o Greg Gasiorowski

6230 Lewis Ave., Lot 105

Temperance, MI 48182

"VGO is looking for Worldwide Music/Poetry for future compilation tapes. Please send your offerings."

## Orphanage Records & Cassettes

Suite 315

1702 W. Camelback

Phoenix, AZ 85015

"The Orphanage is looking for bands to be featured on cassette compilation. Please send tapes. Include return address." Band featured on previous compilations include A Dying Gymnist, Amor Fati, Anacut, Anatol Sucker, The Arms of Someone New, The Bill Boys, Box Car Kids, Richard Breitkreutz, Burial Benefits, Clocks, Crib Death, The Funeral Party, Happy World, Heads on Sticks, The Healers, Human Head Transplant, Klein-Kraft Hunuzczak, C. Allen Parker, Praying Corpse, The Psychic Workshop, Psychodrama, Sacrifice Choir, Soul Merchants, Theatre of Ice, Trees, The Third, Warlock Pinchers Or-kee-sira and The Wrath of Chernenko.

I AM ALONE. I DID NOT ASK TO BE PUT HERE. I AM SICK OF MAN'S  
ENRUMANTLY TO MAN. NOT ONE GOD WILL FORGIVE THE WHAT I HAVE  
SEEN. I BELIEVE IN THE PETITION OF HISTORY AND THE INABILITY OF  
HUMANITY TO LEARN FROM THEIR MISTAKES. I FORGET THE GODS WHO  
AVOID. I HAVE FOUND THAT TALK IS CHEAP AND LONGNESS IS EVIL. I BELIEVE  
IN THE GREAT WHITE DREAM. I AM SICK OF THE CAPITALISM THAT OUR COUNTRY  
HAS COME SO MUCH TO LOVE. I FEEL THAT THE HIGH CAPITALISTS SHOULD CLEAN UP MY  
NATION WHICH THEY HAVE HELPED TO PAVE, LETTER, POLLUTE AND DESTROY, WHILE  
SCOFFING AT OUR POVERTY, THINKING OF NOTHING BUT

## Ashley Allen

CAPITAL GAIN AND  
I BELIEVE IN THE  
HOLDING THAT MAN  
BRING WHO IS MOST  
FOR HIS ILLEGITIMATE  
NEWLY ENGINEERED  
NOW ENJOINED TO BE THE  
OUR COUNTRY HAS ESTAB  
PARENT OF THE CHILD IS  
SET THE PROPER, COMPETENT  
EXAMPLE AND THE CHILD  
UNDERSTAND. I BELIEVE THAT  
AND DEATH FOR ANY REASON  
IS POOLISH AND TOTALLY  
LOST SLEEP PONDERING  
LACK AND PLANET. I  
PSYCHOPATHS AND WARMONGERS WHO CRIMINALIZE AND VANDALIZE THE LAND  
THAT MY ANCESTORS HELPED TO STEAL. I HAVE DECLARED MYSELF ON THIS DAY OF MAY  
NINETEEN EIGHTY FOUR A PASSIVE POLITICAL ACTIVIST WHO CAN RESOLVE THE ILLS OF  
THE WORLD THROUGH THE SPELLING INK AND NOT THE SPELLING BLOOD. I WEAR THE  
BERET. THE TRUE SYMBOL OF ALL POETS, HIPSTERS, BOHEMIANS, GUERRILLAS, RADICALS  
AND POLITICAL ACTIVISTS. LIVE IN FEAR OF ALL THIRD WORLD REGIMES AND THE CONSTANT  
THREAT OF NUCLEAR BOMBARDMENT. I BELIEVE THAT ALL MEN WERE CREATED EQUALLY. I ABHOR  
RACISM AND I PRAY FOR PEACE BETWEEN MY BROTHERS AND I, FOR I HAVE NO TRUE COLOR EXCEPT  
FOR RED. THE TRUE COLOR OF  
I BELIEVE IN THE FIRST  
THE PRESS, THE POWER  
AND NOT THE SWORD WILL  
GIVEN CAUSE. I BELIEVE  
ORGANIZATION THAT THE CHURCH  
TEACHINGS OF THE FREE  
MORRISON, ELIOT, BYRON,  
I BELIEVE IN LIFE, LOVE AND  
TRUTH, JUSTICE AND THE  
BELIEVE THAT SOCIALIZATION  
HOPE FOR THE ABOLITION OF  
TIERED OF RASING OTHER PEOPLES  
WELFARE DOLLAR. I HAVE LEARNED TO EAT THE SHIT  
THAT IT IS MY RIGHT AS AN ARTIST TO RECORD  
QUESTION ALL RULES WHICH HAVE BEEN HANDED  
IN THE POWERS OF CONSTANT CHANGE WHEREAS THE  
NEW TO BEGIN ONLY TO BE SURPASSED BY YET  
ELEMENT OF DESTINY AND ITS ABILITY TO CONTROL  
UPGRADE THE OUR MODERN WORLD THROUGH THE  
OF TRUE ANARCHY!!!

PRINCIPAL INTERESTS  
EXISTENTIAL DREAM,  
IS A TOTALLY FREE  
ASSUREDLY RESPONSIBLE  
ACTIONS. I LOVE THE  
SHEDDING OF WHAT I HAS  
EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM THAT  
LISTED, ALL BECAUSE THE  
TOO POORLY APPORTIONED TO  
INTELLECTUAL AND LIBRARY  
IS TOO MENTALLY IMPOTENT TO  
WAR IS A SOCIAL INSISTENCE  
OTHER THAN NATURAL CAUSES  
UNCALLED FOR. I HAVE TRULY  
THIS THE PATH OF OUR GREAT  
AM SICK OF THE ILLITERATES  
THE GIVEN SYMBOL OF @  
AMENDMENT, THE FREEDOM OF  
OF THE PRINTED WORD. THE PEN  
HOLD TO FULFILL THIS MY NEWLY  
SOMEBODY EXISTED NAMED CHRIST  
I LOVE THE MIND CONTROLLING  
HAS BECOME. I HAVE FOLLOWED THE  
THINKERS OF MY ERA: THOSE OF  
ROTTEN, VICIOUS & JAGGER  
THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS  
SOMEBODY AMERICAN WAY. I  
OF DEMOCRACY IS THE ONLY  
POVERTY IN OUR LAND. I AM  
UNWANTED CHILDREN WITH MY  
OF MY SOCIETY AND STILL GET BY. I FEEL  
AND CREATE. I FEEL THAT IT IS MY DUTY TO  
DOWN TO ME BY MY FOREFATHERS. I BELIEVE  
OLD WILL PASS AND EVENTUALLY ALLOW THE  
ANOTHER GENERATION. I BELIEVE IN THE  
US. I BELIEVE THAT CAN BEGIN TO  
SPREADING OF THIS MY VERBAL RECOGNITION







## publication reviews

### Airglow #7-\$1

c/o T.L. Bohman  
Box 14

East Thetford, VT 05043

This is Terry's personal zine of various things going on in his life. He's an EMT (emergency medical technician) or something like that. That gets covered here. He's also into calendars. He reviews several each issue, and also 'zines that happen to strike his fancy. In this issue he even talks about where certain brands of food come from. Friends and family relationships also figure in to the whole. And everything's written in a personal perspective that is very refreshing to read.

### At the Circus With Wayne Branch \$1

Wayne Branch

11842 N. 30th Pl.  
Phoenix, AZ 85028

And that is exactly what this is. It gives you Wayne's viewpoint of the circus. Of course it's a little twisted. Of course it's quite funny. Wayne writes, "...but the twist feeling that there was, was school spirit with the alternatives. Even if the drawings were done by Leonardo or whoever it wouldn't have been any better. Some people say zines are rags, but I say it's not what is on the outside but on the inside that counts."

### The Beatles Recording Sessions \$27.95

by Mark Lewisohn

Harmony Books

c/o Crown Publishers, Inc.  
225 Park Ave. South  
NY, NY 10003

This hefty slab of information is nothing more nor less than a detail of each and every Beatle recording session. Lots of inspiration here! Like how they managed to record Sgt. Pepper on 4-track, "Twist and Shout" was a live, one-take recording-- recorded at the end of a 12-hour session which saw the Beatles record their entire first album! Lots of things in this book are well-known, but here you find details unimaginable-- like the names of horn players and stuff, for instance. Did you know the cover for Abbey Road was shot in ten minutes, during a mix down? Do you care? God help me, I do!

### Big Sister

#1-75 cents

Victor Gates

552 Lancelot Dr.  
North Salt Lake, UT 84054

Very well-drawn minicomic with Randy Crawford doing the artwork and Victor Gates supplying the story. To quote Victor: "[Fat women] certainly qualify as an oppressed minority. In our present 'thin-obsessed' society, fat bigotry has almost become socially acceptable...." So this is a paean of sorts to fat women and their oppression, reduced to an unbelievable (believability has always been Victor's strongest point-- but not here) and utterly ridiculous story of a woman who goes to a fat farm and dies, receiving shock-stimuli treatments. Once

in heaven, she is greeted by her grandmother who says she is to go back and be a champion for fat women everywhere. I realize this is fantasy, but what makes this particularly stomach-turning is that instead of being an understanding viewpoint, it comes across as mere pandering. It panders to weakness instead of just accepting this particular segment of society for the human beings they are.

### Bold Print \$1

c/o Kyle Hogg  
2211 Stuart Ave.

Richmond, VA 23220

Lots and lots of poetry with other sorts of prose and drawings mixed in. A lot of very good stuff, I might add. Patrick McKinnon's "stu" dazzles you with its wonderful characterization. Frank Miller's "A Wish Granted" is hilarious. Scott Shaw's poem is simply beautiful. Matt Jasper writes, "...the road to hell is paved with ordinary asphalt." Kyle's "Hey Sun Wire" shows marvelous imagery with lines like, "...kisses with all the colors of a fruitstand palette." Joel Dailey's "Mutability in the Home" transcribes a short phone conversation that could happen in many a marriage. Wayne Dowdy's "Labor Saver" is perfect. BOLD PRINT is definitely one of the best poetry/prose zines around!

Kyle also includes something he calls "Lightning Flashes and Other Electrical Impulses" with this issue, which is made up of several pages of thoughts Kyle thought while putting this issue together. It's very good. Has stuff like, "John ate so many TV dinners that one day he just up and died," and, "As a joke Zeke lay down by the side of the road and pretended he was dead. Next thing he knew maggots were crawling out of his mouth." Actually, I think I might like this even better than BOLD PRINT. But get them both for same low price! You might send a little more than \$1-- like maybe some stamps, or some poetry; definitely a letter. Just 'cos Kyle's such a nice guy, you know?

### Cassette Mythos Newsletter

25 cent stamp

PO Box 2391

Olympia, WA 98507

A one-pager consisting of announcements pertaining to all the various Cassette Mythos projects currently underway. These range from video bicycle experiments, to exhaustive cassette review books to an Audio Alchemy CD. There's also a few contact addresses (including GAOB's!-- thanks Robin.). Mr. James is quite the champion of cassette culture. It would be a good idea to get on his mailing list somehow (send tapes or something).

### Deviant Gesture

#4-- free (send a stamp)

c/o Donald J. Morrison

PO Box 562

Columbia Station, OH 44028

A mini comic "suggested for immature, mature readers." The comic itself is five pages long and deals with other people's reactions to his hair length. I really like this kind of thing. You feel like you know Donald a little bit from just this snippet of a

small experience in his life. In other words, as one of my friends might say, "Communication is realization."

### Dinky Stories

#4-- \$1 ppd.(cash)

Aardvark Farms

c/o Ralf Schulze

PO Box 785

Glenham, NY 12527

Very good digest-sized comic about the adventures of Dinky Doo. Said adventures include having no money to pay a restaurant tab, how to catch (kill) flies, installing a satellite dish with Chuck the Zombie, a hilarious interrogation scene, playing "Witch", Dinky goes disco-ing, and Dinky sings the blues. Ralf has six more comics and collage 'zines and five cassettes. Start with this one, then get some more!

### Dismetric Caribou

Dalraught Cattle

c/o Katrina Kelly

18 Taylor Ave.

Earlville, NY 13332

These are two zines I've received from Katrina, age 14 going on 15-- and I like them both. They consist of just whatever, it seems like. And it works, too. Caribou: Several lists of "What I Want For Katrina's Birthday," a weird little story called, "Two Kids Decide What to Have For Supper," an essay on the dangers of toothpicks and a call to boycott, Dudleyphobia, "Thoughts" by Roy Harper-- "Where do watermelons go in the Summer? John Cougar Mellencamp", and a sort of collage of quotes and stuff on the back cover.

### Drippingwette Gazette

#10-- June '89 Summer Buzz' issue

Free (65 cents postage)

c/o Liz

PO Box 127

Wickatunk, NJ 07765

A farcical zine with necessarily far-flung contents. A restaurant review, a short piece proclaiming that Bette Davis is the Anti-Christ, a piece explaining a bunch of Disney movies: "ALICE IN WONDERLAND-- Bad acid trip that looks like a Tom Petty video," some fair poetry and more. The "Elvis On Other Planets Weight Chart" found elsewhere in this zine is stolen from here. It was mailed inside a god-awfully humongous envelope-- is that class, or what? What?

### The Duplex Planet

#91--\$1.25

PO Box 1230

Saratoga Springs, NY 12866

This was the outer space issue. David Greenberger talks to people at this old folks home about different subjects. Their replies are often hilarious, and sometimes quite enlightening. I often get the feeling I've met these people, and that I know them personally.

### EGG mini-zine

#8-- Summer '89

3 Heasley Pk. #4

Somerville, MA 02143

Some EGG platitudes: "Art consists of concealing Art," "It's not the size of the dog that's in the fight, it's the size of the fight that's in the dog," "Uneasy rests the head that wears the crown," "Here today, here tomorrow," "Only those who attempt the absurd achieve the impossible," "Suckass sucks," "I wouldn't want to wake up some day and think group bathing saves water," "You can't escape if you think you're free." This is a very well done collage art zine. Basically a smaller version of the poster below.

### EGG Poster

3 Heasley Pk. #4

Somerville, MA 02143

Frankly, I think a lot of underground collage art is not very well done-- hence, it's stupid and uninteresting. But this poster is an entirely different beast altogether. To be sure, it is collage art. But there's so much in it! And the way it's put together gives sort of a swirling feeling. And the printing is very top-notch. And I'm not even going to attempt



the stand-out here, very similar to Victor's recent stuff (Victor is absent from this issue). Even Victor Sr.'s childhood reminiscence doesn't let its maudlin tone overpower the truth of the story and feeling. Very good stuff all around.

#### **Little Wally's Reader**

c/o Walter Alter  
7 Grace

San Francisco, CA 94103

This is subtitled, "Rocket sled info for the TV age." It carries all sorts of articles on TV, such as theory, effects, various commentaries, culture, High-Definition. There's also many photos of old TV contraptions and tubes and studios. Very well put together, disregarding the dirty copy job. I actually quite enjoyed this.

#### **Archie McPhee Catalog**

#12-S2

Archie McPhee

Box 30852

Seattle, WA 98103

Archie McPhee must be the king of odd merchandise. Voodoo dolls, hula skirts, glow in the dark eyeballs, "Pray with Rev. Ewing" Jesus night lights, fake slugs and lizards and frogs and cockroaches and snakes, toys from Hungary-- it's all here, and more! If you like novelties, you must get this catalog.... If you don't like 'em, get it anyway-- truly unique gifts for that person you hate (or love, I guess).

#### **Mega Panic**

50 cents

Ralf Schulze/Aardvark Farms

PO Box 785

Glenham, NY 12527

Collage art mini with tabloid-type headlines over the pieces. "Coffee Drinkers are Demons," "Jackie Gleason Was Eaten Alive," "Bette Davis Trapped in a Washing Machine," "Nancy Reagan's Sex Change" and more. All on cool magenta-colored paper.

#### **Ministry of Cognizance**

amateur press association

S2

Rodney E. Griffith

PO Box 523

Columbia Station, OH 44028

I'm a member of this apa, which is growing by gigantic leaps and bounds from issue to issue. The concept behind it is to allow each of its contributors to do just what they want within their own "zines." This makes for a wonderfully diverse conglomeration, ranging from comics to poetry to political thoughts to whatever. Each of the members comments on the previous issue's contributions. Discussions of the merits of Prince and anarchy have featured widely within its pages. This is a fun thing to be a part of. Sort of like CB mail or something.

#### **Nobody**

Wayne Branch

11842 N. 30th Pl.

Phoenix, AZ 85028

This digest size booklet is mostly made up of art prints of Wayne's unique work. I've been featuring his work in GAJOOB since the 2nd issue, and I have had many comments about it-- all good. In the first couple of pages in this booklet, Wayne has his own treatise on art. Actually, drawing. His thoughts on Painter versus Patron points of view: "Does a painter see colors more complex or simpler than a patron? Yes and no, at the same time. If the painter sees them more complex, the patron would do a better painting. To a painter it is more simpler as when you know a book-- to not --more complex. Painting is a simple process that turns out complex things." A lot of his writing is like his art: simple, yet complex. Wayne is really into networking and contributing his art to zines. If you're interested, drop him a note. I enjoy corresponding with him.

on site

#6-S1

Bob Bannister

230 W. 105th St. #5C

NY, NY 10025

#6:

Top ten list, live reviews, Tom Paine (of Live Skull) interview, The Real Story of Pi, Film Reviews and a lot of record reviews.

#7:

Band of Susans interview, Malaysian Scene Report, a poem by Tom White, more record reviews, live reviews, book reviews and letters.

The interviews are intelligent and reveal Mr. Bannister (of Fire in the Kitchen) to be well-versed on his subjects. More stuff in the vein of the Malaysian scene report and the Pi story would make this an even better publication.

#### **Pseudozine**

#5-S3

PO Box 5088

Kent, OH 44240

Odd thoughts, film reviews, Memories of Bad Toys, Reviews. This is the "Cassette Moguls 2" issue, with interviews of Art Control, Carl Howard, Don Campau, Manny Theiner of SSS productions, Michael Jackson of XKurzhen Sound and Chris Phinney of Harsh Reality. The interviews are very informative. Also includes a tape with two songs by Plastic Eye Miracle and one song by Art Control. Highly Recommended!!

#### **The Roosevelt A-Word**

Brad Russell

PO Box 1083

Wheaton, IL 60189

This is the kind of publication that makes me wish I would have stayed awake for High School. Very good layout, writing, conviction. It's an underground High School zine, by the way. Well-thought-out editorial concerning a local artist's flag "dedication," a cool story called, "Mary and the Cal," Tyrone, the Clam God's "Sermon in the Gymnasium," a Paul Weinman "White Boy" piece (these are great!), The Defoliants interview, Berzerkery Comix, letters with great answers, and a poem. Great stuff.

#### **Shredded Silms**

#8-S2

c/o Jim Hofmann

PO Box 1067

Oxon Hill, MD 20745

This looks like your typical slap-dash underground 'zine (I'm not saying that's bad)-- but a quick glance inside will get you started, and after you've read a little bit, you'll know this guy's got something to say, and he's saying it so you can hear it. Some of the stuff in this ish includes: Jim's favorite recipes, hate mail (real hate mail), Nude Models From Hell comics, a letter from Sound Choice magazine concerning a letter Jim printed from a taper who accused SC of censorship when they refused to run his racist ad, a faith healer expose, record reviews, the REAL State of the Union Address (hilarious and sadly true), 1/2 Japanese write-up, 'zine reviews, Carl Alessi interview, How to do a Zine, a comic/story by Lisa Suckdog about Lisa and Cones, and also an interview with the aforementioned. This all adds up to a very intelligent package indeed.

#### **The Skeleton Quarterly**

#10-- free (send 2 stamps)

c/o Phillip Lollar

PO Box 1452

Santa Cruz, CA 95061

I loved how this was put together. Holding it, it feels like one of those old books you carry rather reverently. Really. Anyway, it's got an AP excerpt of a history of Xerography; some neat and unique xerox art; food irradiation facts, some avant-garde writing, poetry and some publication reviews. Common topics done with uncommon style.

#### **SLUG**

free locally

PO Box 1061

Salt Lake City, UT 84110

Very well put together news tabloid which concentrates exclusively on the local underground scene. Salt Lake's scene is a tightly knitted affair, so everything you might want to know about anything you'll be likely to find it here. Also carries a few club calendars. Reviews shows by "big-name"

bands that pop into town also. Quite local in its slant, which is why I like it. It's put out by J.R. who runs the Word, which is a small local venue mainly supporting local originals acts. #6 carried a rather vindictive letter to all concerned about GAJOOB's Mike Carlson interview in #3 in which Mike had some not very nice things to say about various aspects of the "Cliquey" scene. Ooh.... Ouch! Incidentally, the Word is a very dedicated place for any of you bands rolling through Zion. You can contact them at the above address.

#### **Sound Choice**

\$3-- #11

PO Box 1251

Olaf, CA 93023

Very hard-hitting article written by jazz saxophonist and publisher, Andrew White called, "Jazz is Dead.... in the Black Community." Also a lengthy sectioned-interview (you know, the kind where there is a topic or something in bold-face and comments by the subject beneath) with Greg Ginn, formerly of Black Flag and co-owner of SST records which has many illuminating insights into the workings of independent distribution (and just plain independent musical existence for that matter). These two pieces alone might be well worth the price of admission, but then we have the usual batch of tape, record and publication reviews that any alternative music mag (mine included) would not be without. I could do with more articles and such from this well-respected publication-- especially considering the \$3 cover charge. But there's a lot of sincerity and apparent dedication to purpose that should keep me coming back.

#### **Storefront Bar-B-Q Newsletter**

Spring '89-- (send a stamp)

c/o Shawn Swagerty

428 Ridge St. NW

Washington, DC 20001-4622

A reading review. Talks about an 8mm film of the rock group, Einheit. Some publication reviews. Some cassette reviews. And a recipe. This is really pretty cool. Shawn has an intriguing way of telling his viewpoint, and makes you interested in what his viewpoint is. You never know what he might choose to discuss.

#### **Toronto**

\$1 ppd

Trevor Blake

PO Box 23061

Knoxville, TN 37933

This is a very good booklet which tells all about Trevor's experiences at the Survival Gathering at an Anarchist Unconvention in Toronto, July 1-4, 1988. There's a lot of stuff here-- like crossing the border without just a little trepidation, meeting up with like-minded people, going from workshop to workshop, getting arrested and thrown in jail. Trevor comments on these things in a very thoughtful manner and with unique insight. I recommend this.

#### **Virgin Sacrifice Comix**

\$1

234 E. 33rd St. Apt. 2B

NY, NY 10016

This is a mini utilizing drawn and collaged art pieces. The work is very graphic with Nazi and sexual imagery. Michael Razonka, Ralf Schulze and Ralph Mindicino do the art, and Ms. Bernie Stube writes the words. Very good.

#### **Vold-Post**

#3-- Spring 1989

PO Box 19427

Minneapolis, MN 55419

This is the newsletter for The Little Lost City in Space radio program which is carried on KFAI 90.3 FM, Wednesdays at 10:00 p.m. They've also got two tapes of these programs available for \$8 per tape. I believe they're also planning to hit the satellite network very soon. It sounds like a very interesting program, so if you know of a hip station in your neck of the woods....



# White Boy's Tickets to Pollution

(included with current BOLD PRJNT)

Kyle Stagg

2211 Stuart Ave.

Richmond, VA 23220

For those of you who have yet to be exposed to "White Boy," here's an example: "WINNING OCEAN CRUISE, WHITE BOY FINDS HE'S ON TANKER LEAVING NY: 1. carrying 710,000 gal. of treated human waste (shit); 2. which is released very slowly; 3. as jet black sludge. ENCOURAGED TO CHEER AS HORN BLOWS, WHITE BOY ASKS FOR HARBOR BAG." The White Boy series is by Paul Weinman. It's all done in this style (form). It's exceptionally cool.



Elaine Branch

our madhouse

## STOOPID WORLD NEWS

Compiled from Weekly World News

A partially blind cripple sat by helplessly as his oldest daughter was shot in the stomach during a fight with her sister-- over whether he had been fed. "All of a sudden they started screaming. I was sitting there and heard pow, pow. One shot the other. I have no legs. I couldn't do anything," said Moon, 69.

A 76-year old woman says her space alien husband left her for a younger woman after 50 years of marriage! "Those were the best 50 years of my life," Christine Lammert, a retired nurse, told reporters in Wilster, West Germany.

A 13-year old boy was critically injured when he collided with a playmate in a school yard.

A thief almost wound up in the slammer after he snatched a fistful of money from a fast food restaurant cash register, then waited to grab his order of hamburgers before making his getaway.

Half-pint hubby, Peter Welsch, was so fed up with his fat wife, Paulina, that he took her to the edge of a 1000-foot ravine and tried to shove her over. But try as he might, he couldn't budge her-- so he leaped to his own death instead.

Two people have been charged with fraud after cops accused them of selling hundreds of cans of used motor oil to customers who thought they were buying maple syrup.

A stern city government has threatened to throw a man in jail if he doesn't stop whistling in his backyard! "The man is a menace," Paul Slack, ordinance officer, told newsmen in Masterton, New Zealand. "He whistles 16 hours a day nonstop, and he's damn near as loud as a freight train. We checked it out with our instruments and got a reading of 128 decibels. That's louder than a rock band.

A teen who delivered pizza to the wrong apartment wound up behind bars after he pulled a .357 Magnum pistol and opened fire on the occupants for refusing to pay.

A man convicted of beating his mother-in-law to death with a hammer was set free by a sympathetic judge who blamed the dead woman's incessant nagging for the attack.

Silly show-off Wayne Machin didn't see a speeding train roaring toward him when he lay down on the railroad tracks and got his head sliced off. "He was always kidding around and it finally did him in," said Machin's shocked wife, Jean.

Bertie the wonder dog raised over \$700 for a village church by peeing 15 times in 30 minutes. Townsfolk in little Winterbourne, England, pledged to make donations to the church based on the number of times Mary Baylis' German shepherd lifted his leg during a 30-minute walk. "People think it an odd way to raise money for a church, but being a farmer's wife, I find it the most natural thing in the world."

Cops say a woman who thought she was shooting her son-in-law mistakenly killed her only daughter.

A convicted child molester filed a whopping \$2 million lawsuit against his victims, claiming they caused him to suffer "extreme humiliation, anxiety and loss of health" and can't find another job as a salesman.

Dwarf tossing would be outlawed under a new law passed unanimously by a committee in the Florida House of Representatives. Tossing dwarfs has been a popular entertainment in bars and nightclubs.

### Cold Day

Today the wind blew colder than before.  
I stood outside your door.

Announcing to myself the end  
Of another cold day without you.

--Alden Barrett

Marvis and Oliver Desautels were so happy when their 27-year-old son finally moved out of their house that they ran a newspaper ad and told everybody in town.

A boy genius cracked under the constant pressure of being the top student in his class and murdered his pushy parents. "I don't regret killing them. I can say goodbye to mathematics forever," said Alain Almansa after shooting his mom and slitting his father's throat.

Officials in Massachusetts have voted to allow motorists to keep the meat of deer they hit and kill on the state's roadways. "A deer can do thousands of dollars of damage to a car, and the meat could provide some compensation to the motorist," explained biologist Steve Williams.

A grieving couple freeze-dried their dead baby and now keep him on display at their home in Malmo, Sweden. "Some people think we are morbid or sick, but I'd rather have my baby at home than six feet under the ground," Katie Hilding told newsmen.

A Frenchman who thought he was the reincarnation St. Francis of Assisi tried to "preach" to a pride of lions in a national park in Kenya. He was severely mauled before game wardens rescued him. "I guess they didn't like my sermon," the 50-year-old man told rescuers.

Members of the highly disciplined and well-trained Army Rangers may stop their long tradition of shaving their heads because people are mistaking them for racist skinheads. "They think I'm some kind of punk," said Ranger Stuart Johnston of Tacoma, Wash. Black gang members attacked three men from the Ranger battalion in December because they thought the hairless recruits were skinheads.

A cop hog-tied a suspected hit-and-run drunk driver, then left him sitting on the ground behind his idling patrol car—where he died of carbon monoxide poisoning.

A recent Swedish rocket launch was delayed for days while officials searched for eight escaped frogs they wanted to send into space.

When police in Lancaster County opened a phony shoe store and offered free sneakers to "people on the run," 69 suspected crooks showed up and were arrested on outstanding warrants.

A cab driver in Vental, N.Y., asked his passengers to stop talking about women's rights to abortion, and when they didn't shut up, he drew a gun and told them to get out.

Horrified surgeons who were removing a man's appendix watched in stunned disbelief as a red worm squirmed out of their patient's abdomen and crawled onto the operating table. The doctors later discovered that their patient's agony was not caused by an attack of appendicitis, but by the parasite, which the man unknowingly swallowed with a sushi dinner.

According to new studies that link the density of breast tissue to the likelihood of breast cancer—short, fat moms with lots of kids run less risk than tall, thin women with no children.

Detroit police officers working on a triple-slaying case in which the victims—two men and a woman—were found, bound and gagged, beaten, beheaded and dismembered are uncertain as to which head goes with which body.

Workers at Bolivar Pond in Washington, D.C., were puzzled by the huge number of ducklings disappearing. It seems they were being gobbled up by a pair of hungry catfish.

A nurse at Erie County Medical Center in Buffalo, N.Y., has filed a \$12.5 million lawsuit against a doctor she claims carelessly jabbed her with a needle he'd used on an AIDS patient.

Millionaire, Giuseppe Zannoni, haggled with his wife's kidnappers for six months over the size of her ransom.

A caller, posing as an American Cancer Society in Pinellas County, Fla., has been asking women over the phone whether their breasts are firm or bouncy.

A man in Reading, England, who blamed his wife for getting him jailed, got his revenge by flooding her with mail order items she didn't want.

Sheral Ross, of Baton Rouge, La., got so mad at her husband, Frederick, for singing in bed that she picked up a gun and shot him in the stomach.

A preacher, jailed for alleged drug trafficking, delivered his Sunday sermon over the phone to his 25 parishoners.

A man suspected of robbing a bank was tear-gassed and splattered with ink when a dye pack exploded inside a bag of money as he waited in line to deposit it at another bank.

Thieves thought they were stealing museum paintings worth millions, but they unknowingly took the worthless works of a high school art class, leaving many priceless paintings behind.

A naked and angry woman was smacked in the head with a sausage when drug agents burst into her apartment and started throwing pieces of meat to her attack dog. The woman's husband was the target of the drug raid.

A 29-year-old politician had a heart attack and died when he was heckled while giving a speech in his hometown.

A motorist said he didn't think much of it when he ran over an object in the road, until he pulled into his driveway and discovered he'd dragged a teenager's body for three miles.

Bill Pittman and his family were walking through a Boy Scout spook house when one of the scouts, dressed as a horror character, jumped out and swung a machete, severing Pittman's Achilles' tendon.

A murder suspect, intent on suicide, rammed a six-inch ballpoint pen through his eye socket and into his brain.... "He is one lucky guy. He didn't even damage his eye," said Dr. Austin Johnson.

Eight barbers who all worked in the same shop in Manila, got into a political argument over whether exiled President Ferdinand Marcos should be allowed back into the Philippines—and finally began stabbing each other with their scissors.

In the wake of Brazil's new law granting female workers four months' paid maternity leave, employers are now insisting that women be sterilized before being hired.

A lifelong vegetarian, whose daily diet consisted mainly of cabbage and beans, was in critical condition after his stomach exploded during a treatment for severe gas pains.

Jose Soto had just 15 minutes to buy beer before the liquor store closed, but died trying to beat a freight train across an intersection.

According to New Zealand businessman Basil Rathers, his parrot, "Pepper" who once belonged to John Lennon, has memorized 20 "lost" songs written by the late star. Rathers is currently working on an album, to be called *The Last Works of John Lennon*.

A burro named Pancho has been hanging out at his favorite pub for the past 15 years, hobnobbing with customers who buy him 30 quarts of beer a day. His vet says all the beer is bad for Pancho's liver, and has ordered the donkey to stay home on the farm and restrict his tipping to a mere 10 quarts a day.

A thief invaded the home of palm reader Madame Crystal, and when she didn't have enough cash to suit him he burned the palms off her hands.

## Advertising Rates:

|                                 |               |
|---------------------------------|---------------|
| Full Page (7.5 X 6)             | \$25          |
| Half Page (7.5 X 3 or 3.75 X 6) | \$15          |
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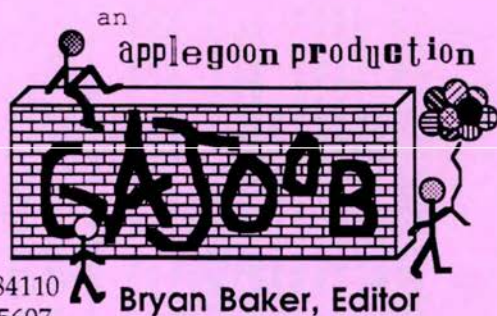
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